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Sanctuary at Durham Cathedral.

QUENE of the first objects which arrest the attention of the visitor to Durham Cathedral is the ponderous bronze knocker on the north door. The knocker itself is a large ring, held between the teeth of a grotesque head. This is the "sanctuary" knocker. It is now never used, for the privilege of sanctuary in churches is a thing of the past. But the knocker remains, a memorial of an ancient practice, which, whilst capable of being greatly abused, was also in very many cases a source of safety and a blessing.

The development of the laws relating to sanctuary would form a curious and interesting subject for investigation. Here, however, we have only space for the briefest possible sketch. The laws of Ina, King of the West Saxons, framed in 693, provide that if any one accused of a capital offence flee to a church, his life shall be spared, and he shall make compensation according to justice; and if anyone deserving stripes take refuge in a church, his stripes shall be forgiven. Alfred the Great, in 887, enunciated a law by which the privilege of sanctuary was given for three nights to anyone fleeing to a church, during which time he might provide for his own safety, or compound for his offence. If anyone should inflict bonds, blows, or wounds on the refugee, he was compelled to pay the price awarded by law to the injury he had done, and, in addition to this, 120 shillings to the ministers of the church. If a criminal fled to a church, no one should drag him thence within the space of seven days, if he could live so long without food, and had not attempted to force his way out. If the clergy had occasion to hold service in the church whilst the refugee was there, they might keep him in some house which had no more doors than the church had.

In the ecclesiastical laws of Edward the Confessor, as confirmed by William the Conqueror, in 1070, the privilege of sanctuary is defined. Wherever an accused or guilty person had fled to a church for refuge, from the moment when he touched its threshold he was on no account to be



seized by his pursuers, except by the bishop or the bishop's servants. If in his flight he entered the priest's house or its court-yard, he enjoyed the same peace and security

that he would have in the church itself, provided the house and court-yard were within the glebe of the church.

We see, then, that in the middle ages all churches possessed the privilege of sanctuary, though some churches possessed it in a much greater degree than others. The Cathedral of Durham was one of these more favoured churches. The reason of the greater privilege was, doubtless, in the case of Durham, because it contained the shrine of St. Cuthbert. Criminals who fled hither "besought the immunity of the said church and the liberty of St. Cuthbert," just as, at Beverley, they came "to the peace of St. John of Beverley."

When the claimant of sanctuary reached the cathedral of Durham, he proceeded to the north door, and, raising the bronze ring which hangs from the bronze monster's mouth, knocked loudly for admission. When the echoes died away, he listened intently. Perhaps his avengers were close upon his track, and he feared every moment to hear their footsteps. Each minute that he waited would seem to him an age. But he had not long to wait. Day and night alike there were persons within the church ready to answer his knock. "There was certain men," says the Ancient Rites of Durham, "that did lie always in two chambers over the said north church door, for the same purpose that when any such offenders did come, and knock, straightway they were letten in, at any hour of the night." How the refuge seeker's heart would beat when he heard the monks drawing back the long oaken bar which secured the door, and what a sense of unspeakable relief would he feel when he had entered the sacred edifice and the door was once more bolted!

"So soon as the refugee had entered the church he did run straightway to the Galilee Bell and tolled it, to the intent that any man that heard it might know that there was some man that had taken sanctuary." The prior was informed with all speed of the culprit's arrival, and thereupon issued an injunction that he should keep within the limits of sanctuary, which, at Durham, extended to the bounds of the churchyard. He had also, in the presence of reliable witnesses, to make a full and explicit statement of the crime he had committed, giving names, place, and date, and, in cases of murder or manslaughter, stating the character of the instrument he had used. He was then furnished with a gown made of black cloth, on the left shoulder of which a yellow cross, "called St. Cuthbert's cross," was set, "to the intent that every one might see that there was such a free-lie granted by God unto St. Cuthbert's shrine, for every such offender to flee unto for succour and safeguard of their lives." The sanctuary of Durham continued for every culprit for a period of 37 days, during which he was furnished with meat, drink, and bedding at the expense of the convent. His sleeping place was on "a grate" within the church, "adjoining unto the Galilee door on

the south side," that is, at the west end of the south aisle of the nave.

During the days of sanctuary, the refugee might, if he could, compound with his adversaries. If he failed to do this, he was required to appear, clothed in sackcloth, before the coroner, confess his crime, and abjure the realm. The usual form of abjuration was as follows:—

This hear thou, Sir Coroner, that I [mentioning his name] of [mentioning his previous place of residence] am a [mentioning the character of his crime], and because I have done such evils in his land I do abjure the land of our lord the king, and I shall haste me towards the port of [mentioning a port appointed by the coroner], and that I shall not go out of the highway; and if I do, I will that I be taken as a robber and a felon of our lord the king; and that at such a place I will diligently seek for passage, and that I will tarry there but one flood and ebb if I can have passage; and unless I can have it in such a place, I will go every day into the seas up to my knees assaying to pass over: and unless I can do this within forty days, I will put myself again into the church as a robber and a felon of our lord the king, so God me help and His holy judgment.

As he travelled on his way to the port appointed for his departure, the culprit was conducted from place to place by the constables of the different parishes through which he passed.

Amongst the records of Durham Cathedral is a register of the persons who sought sanctuary there between 1464 and 1524. This register was printed more than fifty years ago by the Surtees Society. The entries, which, with one or two exceptions, are in Latin, give the name and place of abode of the claimant, the date and place of the commission of his offence, the name of the person he killed, robbed, or injured in any way, with other particulars. Each entry closes with the names of the witnesses who heard the culprit's confession. Many incidental remarks in this register are interesting. For instance, "the ringing of bells" when the refugee urged his plea of sanctuary is frequently mentioned; showing the importance which was attached to the ancient practice. In one case the culprit desires "the immunity of the church aforesaid and the liberty of St. Cuthbert, between the Tyne and the Tees, for himself, his chatells, and all his goods." The register to which I refer affords a most valuable picture of the state of society prior to the Reformation, and indicates the extent to which sanctuary was claimed and the nature of the crimes from the consequences of which it afforded a refuge to the perpetrators.

The instances in which persons claimed sanctuary for offences committed in Newcastle are rather numerous; but the following abstracts will not, perhaps, be quite without interest:—

1477, 4th July. Christopher Holme desired sanctuary, and confessed that on the 24th April last, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he, with Harry Stobbes and Humphrey Ussher, met one William Marley, and grievously struck and wounded him with a staff called a "walshbill," in consequence of which the said William died.

1489-90, 13th January. Alexander Taylleyour desired sanctuary, because he, on the Wednesday after the feast of Epiphany, in the year aforesaid, in Newcastle, near

Caylecrosse, had feloniously struck one Thomas Smyth, in self-defence, with a certain weapon, under the left breast, whence the said Thomas died the same day.

1493, 4th August. Robert Grene, of South Shields, desired sanctuary, because he, on the 1st August, in the year aforesaid, in Newcastle, in a certain street called the Close, in consequence of an attack made upon him by one Robert Nicholson, of Winlaton, twice struck and feloniously wounded the aforesaid Robert in his chest, from which wounds he died.

1495, 16th December. John Bonner, of Gateshead, desired sanctuary, because he, on the Sabbath Day next before the feast of St. Peter ad Vincula, 14 years before, attacked one Alexander Stevenson, near Dotland Park, in Hexhamshire, and feloniously wounded in him the chest with a dagger, otherwise called a "whinyard," from which wound he immediately died.

1502, 9th August. Roger Raw, merchant, of Newcastle, desired sanctuary, because he, on the 6th day of the month aforesaid, in the town of Newcastle, in a street commonly called the Side, with a Scotch axe, attacked one Antony Ray, and grievously wounded him in four parts of his body, viz., in the flank, and in the left breast, and in both arms.

1503, 2nd August. Thomas Wylkynson, of Gateshead, desired sanctuary, because on account of an attack made on him by one John Rede, of Alnwick, on St. Michael's Day, 1502, in self defence he struck the said John Rede with a whinyard, and mortally wounded him twice in the chest and also in the neck, from which wounds the said John immediately died.

1507, 9th June. John Sharparow, of Newcastle, desired sanctuary, because he, on the 6th of the said month, in consequence of an attack made on him by Edward Gallon, of the said town, feloniously struck the said Edward with a dagger, inflicting upon him a mortal wound on the right side of his neck, from which, the day after, the said Edward died.

1508, 7th November. Edward Robson, of Tynemouth, desired sanctuary, because on the Sabbath before Palm Sunday, in a street commonly called Cloth Market, in the town of Newcastle, he feloniously struck one Edmund Tailyour on the shoulder with a dagger, of which he immediately died.

1509, 31st March. Robert Bynks, of Newcastle, desired sanctuary, because on the last Sunday in Lent, in the house of a certain Thomas Sanderson, near the churchyard of St. Nicholas's Church, he feloniously and mortally struck one Robert Tailyour in the right breast with a dagger, in consequence of which he died within five days.

1512, 11th October. Robert Lee desired sanctuary, because he, with others, was present when one John Fresill, between the walls of the town of Newcastle and the water of Tyne, and below the bridge of Tyne, mortally struck one William Wright with a dagger on his back between the shoulders, on the ninth day of the month aforesaid; from which wound he died the same day. Lee also declares that he aided and helped Fresill to escape from the hands of the bystanders.

1514, 22nd May. John Horsley, of Newcastle, desired sanctuary. On the 13th December, 1513, on the Sandhill, in Newcastle, in consequence of an attack made on him by one John Taytte, he feloniously and mortally struck the said John Taytte with a dagger on the right side of the chest, inflicting on him a mortal wound, from which he immediately died. For which felony John Horsley was taken and arrested by the officers or servants of the lord the king in that town, and put in the prison there called Newgate, which prison the same John Horsley feloniously broke and escaped.

1515, 5th September. Colt, of Alnwick, shoemaker, desired sanctuary, because he on the — day of the month of — in the year aforesaid, feloniously broke and escaped from a certain prison in the town of Newcastle called the Newgate, where he with others was imprisoned, and because he is afraid, on account of such prison breaking and escape, to submit himself to the secular law.

1515, 9th September. Roland Hall, of Marley-on-the-Hill, in the parish of Whickham, desired sanctuary be-

cause, in consequence of an attack made upon him, he struck one Thomas Heryaby, of Whickham, with a sword, at the Close Gate, on the feast of Our Lady's nativity, inflicting on him a mortal wound, of which he died the same day.

It would be very easy to extend these extracts. They have a local interest, but in other respects are by no means so remarkable as are the records of persons who came from other parts of the country to claim sanctuary. By far the largest number of fugitives are homicides. A few are thieves, cattle and horse stealers are rather numerous; a smaller number are prison breakers; about the same number are burglars; whilst some only ask sanctuary from the claims of their creditors.

Amongst the most remarkable cases of murder are the following:—

Jacob Manfield, who describes himself as a "gentleman," accuses himself of having, about a month previously, with a Welch bill, murdered Roland Mebburn, the rector of Wycliffe, at Ovington. Roland Carlyll, a yeoman of the county of Durham, at Ashby, in the county of Lancaster, murders one John Cowton of that place, with a wood axe, then steals the murdered man's horse, and very quickly makes off. A year and a half after he comes to Durham and claims sanctuary. Thomas Spence, "esquire," of Bowes, in Yorkshire, has commanded Hebart Conyngham, probably his servant, to hang one Thomas Meburn, "a Scotchman," without any legal trial, and the command has been obeyed. Doubtless, Meburn's only offence was that of having come from over the Border. The Yorkshire squire becomes alarmed about the consequences of his rash act, and seeks sanctuary.

Three canons of Eglestone Abbey, near Rookby, accompanied by one of the abbey servants, are met near Lartington by one Richard Appleby, of Cutherstone, and his accomplices and adherents. Appleby and his followers attack the canons, whose servant strikes Appleby with a Welch bill, dealing him a blow on the back of the head, from which he died within twelve days. The servant claims sanctuary for the homicide he has committed, and the canons because they defended their servant.

Three men from Calton, in Yorkshire, claim sanctuary, two of them, in December, 1510, and one in July of the following year, because they were present when one Richard Horsley, of Calton, was forcibly taken from his mother's house, carried into a neighbouring field, and so seriously wounded that he died within a month.

In October, 1510, one Thomas Gy or Gye, of Wistow, near Selby, claims sanctuary for having, eleven days before, killed one William Pynchebek, at Wymeraley. The sanctuary is granted, and Gye is able to make such arrangements as permit him to remain in England. But three months later he re-appeared at Durham, this time, however, to confess both to an older and a more recent crime. In the previous May he had stolen twenty heifers and calves from the forest of Gawtreas, near Easington.

These he had driven off to Bridlington, selling two of them on his way, and disposing of the remaining eighteen to the Prior of Bridlington. On the last day of November, that is, shortly after his previous visit to Durham, he had gone once more to the forest of Gawtress, and had stolen four calves, which he sold at Welton to one Gilbert Gye, doubtless a relative. Yet, for his repeated offences, Durham afforded him protection from secular law.

A most singular feature of many of the cases recorded is the length of time which elapsed after a crime was committed before the criminal sought sanctuary. For instance, a man at Carlisle kills another with a Carlisle axe, and comes to Durham for sanctuary twelve years afterwards. A murder at Ripon is confessed at Durham thirteen years after the event. Four brothers named Hayden, of Whickham, attack a man with swords on the banks of the Dryburn in Allandale, and kill him. Eighteen years afterwards one of the Haydens seeks sanctuary at Durham; and his example is followed two and a half years later by one of his brothers. But the most extraordinary instance is that of a man who kills a stranger at Shoreditch, near London, "with a pitching-staff," and confesses his crime at Durham twenty-six years afterwards.

A considerable number of persons claimed sanctuary for crimes committed in poaching affrays of one kind or other. In one case five men, evidently poachers, four of whom came to Durham together for sanctuary, murdered a gamekeeper by striking him with a crabstaff in Huntington Park, in Cheshire.

Amongst cases of horse-stealing, the following is the most interesting:—John Tod, of Swine, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, confesses that at Westminster, "near London," nine years before, he had stolen a horse, and certain moneys, to the amount of five marks, from N. Dale, a priest, the seneschal of the Lord of Hastings.

One entry I have determined simply to translate, inasmuch as it throws considerable light on the ceremonies observed when a fugitive abjured the country:—

Be it remembered that, the 13th day of the month of May, Anno Domini, 1497, one — Colson, of Wolsingham, in the county of Durham, was detected in the act of theft, and by reason of this theft was taken and thrust into prison, and detained, yet, escaping from prison, he fled to the Cathedral Church of Durham, on account of the immunity to be had there, and whilst he stood near the shrine of St. Cuthbert, he requested that a coroner might be appointed for him. John Raket, coroner of the ward of Chester-le-Street, therefore came to him, and to him the same Colson confessed the felony, he taking oath to abandon the kingdom of England, and leave it with all the speed that he conveniently could, and never to return to it; which oath he took at the shrine of St. Cuthbert, before George Cornforth, Sacristan of the Cathedral Church of Durham, Ralph Bows, knight and High Sheriff of Durham, John Rakett, Robert Thrylkett, Under Sheriff, Hugh Holland, Nicholas Dickson, and many others then present. By reason of which renunciation and oath all the ornaments of the aforesaid Colson, in due right, pertained to the aforesaid sacristan and his office; for which reason Colson was commanded that he should take off his garments even to his shirt, and deliver them to the aforesaid sacristan.

This he did, and placed those garments at the disposal of the aforesaid sacristan, and the sacristan, when those garments had been delivered and placed in his possession, graciously returned and gave him all his ornaments in which he was at that time vested. And afterwards the said Colson retired from the church, and was delivered to the nearest constables by the aforesaid High Sheriff, and afterwards from one party of constables to another, carrying a white cross made of wood, as a fugitive, and being led to the nearest sea-port, in order there to take ship, and never to return. These things were done in the year of our Lord, the month, day, and place aforesaid.

By several Acts of Parliament, passed in the reign of Henry VIII., the privileges of sanctuary were considerably abridged; and, after being further limited in 1603, they were completely abolished in 1624.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Northern Sun Dials.



HANDSOME and elaborate work on sun dials, chiefly consisting of a collection of mottoes on these interesting objects from all parts of the United Kingdom and the Continent, has been published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, London. The book was originally compiled by the late Mrs. Alfred Gatty, but the new edition is edited by Miss Horatia Gatty and Miss Eleanor Lloyd. Most of the dials existing in this neighbourhood that are adorned with mottoes are enumerated in the book. So far as we know only one important omission occurs—that of the dial over the front door of Gibeide Hall. The mottoes of all that are in Latin—as most of them are—are duly translated, while the history of the dials themselves, together with some description of them, is frequently related. But the special feature of the present edition is a scientific treatise by Mr. Wigham Richardson, of Newcastle, on the "Construction of Sun Dials." It is interesting to read in Mr. Richardson's list of the works which he can recommend on the science of dialing, that the "clearest of all" was that published in Newcastle by Peter Nicholson in 1833, though it requires some patience to acquire the author's method of projection. Equally interesting is the information that Mr. Thomas Wright, a distinguished mathematician and astronomer, received a gratuity of twenty guineas from the Conservators of the River Wear for "a composition of dials which he invented, setting up the model on the pier at Sunderland in 1733." Nor is it less interesting to read again the old story of how George Stephenson set up a dial over his cottage door at West Moor, finding how to make the necessary calculations to adapt the dial to the latitude of Killingworth with the aid of Ferguson's "Astronomy." Again, Mr. Howitt's "Visits to Remarkable Places" is quoted as the authority for the statement that the village of Heworth, in the county of Durham, is (or was) dis-

tinguished by the greatest number of sun dials on the fronts of its houses of perhaps any village in the kingdom. These sun dials were due to the eccentric William Emerson, one of the first mathematicians of his age, who was born at Heworth, and died there in 1782. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, page 29.) But items of interest to people in the Northern Counties are scattered throughout the volume. We have pleasure in transferring to our pages the account which the authors give of some of the more striking of our Northern dials.

ASPICE IN HORAM, ET MEMENTO MORI.
Look upon the hour, and remember death.

R. E.
1775.

Over the door of an old house in Thomas Street North, Monkwearmouth, which was formerly the town house of the Barons of Hylton, and afterwards inhabited by the father of the noted Northern antiquary, George Cooper Abbs. The initials R. E. are those of Robert Emerson, who was parish clerk and schoolmaster of Boldon from 1770 to 1805. He possessed considerable mathematical knowledge, and constructed two dials in his own village, one of which he placed over his house, and the motto of this is now (1888) illegible. The other remains over the church porch.

COME, LIGHT! VISIT ME!

At the Knoll, Ambleside. 1846.

The history of this motto, and the sun dial which bears it, is given at length by Harriet Martineau in her autobiography, vols. i. and ii., pp. 80 and 265. At the age of seven she visited her grandfather, near Newcastle, and in his garden there was a large, heavy stone sun dial. "That dial," she says, "was of immeasurable value to me. I could see its face only by raising myself on its step, and there, with my eyes on a level with the plate, did I watch and ponder, day by day, painfully forming my first clear conceptions of Time, amidst a bright confusion of notions of day and night, and of the seasons, and of the weather. I loved that dial with a sort of superstition; and when, nearly forty years after, I built a house for myself at Ambleside, my strong wish was to have this very dial for the platform below the terrace, but it was not to be had. It had been once removed already, when the railway cut through the old garden, but the stone was too heavy, and far too much fractured for a second removal. A friend in London who knew my desire for a sun dial, and heard that I could not obtain the old one which had told me so important a story in my youth, presented me with one to stand under my terrace wall, and above the quarry which was already beginning to fill with shrubs and wild flowers. The design of the dial is beautiful, being a copy of an ancient font, and in grey granite to accord with the grey stone house above it. The motto was an important affair. A neighbour had one so perfect in its way as to eclipse a whole class. 'The night cometh.' In asking my friends for suggestions, I told them of this, and they agreed that we could not approach this motto in the same direction. I preferred a motto of my own to all that were offered in English, and Wordsworth gave it his emphatic approbation. 'Come, Light! visit me!' stands emblazoned on my dial, and it has been, I believe, as frequent and impressive a monitor to me as ever was any dial which bore warning of the fugacious nature of life and time."

DUM SPECTAS, FUGIT HORA: CARPE DIEM.

Whilst thou art looking the hour is flying; seize to-day.
On a house-dial at Wolsingham, Co. Durham. The figures are gilt on a black ground.

NARUM DUM SPECTAS CURSUM
RESPICE AD NOVISSIMAM HORAM.

Walker, 1881. I Lat. 54° 58',
W.R.

*Watching these fleeting hours soon past
Remember that which comes at last.*

On a storehouse of the Neptune Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Erected by Wigham Richardson, Esq., to whom the translation is due.

NON DEDERUNT TIBI DI QUAM PRAESENTEM SUPERI HORAM.

AD FINEM ASPICIAS, HORA FUTURA LATET.

The gods above have given thee but the present hour.

Look on to the end, the future hour lies hid.

At Carville Hall, an old mansion on the Roman wall near Wallsend, is a fine old sun-dial with faces so that the pointer is parallel to the face. The motto given above is perhaps of more recent date than the dial itself. (A Correspondent in "The Guardian.")

NON NISI CAELESTI RADIO.

Not save by a ray from heaven (do I tell the time).

On the porch at Haydon Bridge, Northumberland. The dial is square, and the motto is above, the words being divided by a full-faced sun, which emits rays all round. They bear an obvious moral signification. There



is no date on this dial, but the church was built out of the nave of an older church, and opened for service July, 1796. The features of the Sun God are too decidedly Hanoverian to suppose a much earlier date.

SPECTATOR FASTIDIOSUS, SIBI MOLESTUS.

He that looks too proudly is a trouble to himself.

At Bywell, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is difficult to understand what this motto means; we have translated it literally. It may either point to a spectator bending over the dial so as to intercept the sunshine; or to a passer-by who is too proud to use this humble means of learning the time.

THE LAST HOUR TO MANY, POSSIBLY TO YOU.

On the church at Hartlepool, Co. Durham.

THE NATURAL CLOCKWORK BY THE MIGHTY ONE
WOUND UP AT FIRST, AND EVER SINCE HAS GONE;
NO PIN DROPS OUT, ITS WHEELS AND SPRINGS ARE GOOD,
IT SPEAKS ITS MAKER'S PRAISE, THO' ONCE IT STOOD;
BUT THAT WAS BY THE ORDER OF THE WORKMAN'S POWER;
AND WHEN IT STANDS AGAIN IT GOES NO MORE.

JOHN ROBINSON, Rector. } A.D. 1773.

A. DOUGLAS, Clerk, Fecit. }

THOMAS SMITH, Churchwardens.

SAMUEL STEVENSON. }
Seaham, in Latitude 54° 51'.

SOLES PEREUNT ET IMPUTANTUR.

Days (literally, suns) depart and are reckoned.

Outside the Dean's kitchen, at Durham, is a square dial, gold-lettered, which bears this inscription. It is now (1888) much decayed.

- (1) TIME BY MOMENTS STEALS AWAY, FIRST THE HOUR
AND THEN THE DAY.

- (2). EXAGORAZOMENOI TON KAIRON NOTI HAI HEMERAI
PONERAI EISI.

Redeeming the time because the days are evil.

- (3). TEMPUS EDAX REBUM.

Time the devourer of (all) things.

- (4). BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TO-MORROW—FOR ON THINE
EYELIDS IS THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

- (5). THE MORNING COMETH AND ALSO THE NIGHT.

- (6). THE LORD BY WISDOM HATH FOUNDED THE EARTH, BY
UNDERSTANDING HATH HE ESTABLISHED THE HEAVENS.

- (7). THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF.

"How grand the orbs of light on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine
"The hand that made us is divine."

These seven mottoes, and eight lines from Addison's paraphrase of Psalm xix., are engraved upon the face of a vertical south dial, erected in the Albert Park, Middlesbrough, by the gift of H. W. F. Bolckow, M.P. The design and workmanship were done by Mr. John Smith, of South Stockton, who was seventy years of age when he executed the commission, but he has been deeply interested in the art of dialling since his boyhood. [The second motto being in Greek characters, we have given the English equivalents.]

TIME TIDE
DOETH WAIST
THEREFORE
MAKE HASTE
WE SHALL—

On a dial which originally stood in the garden at Carville Hall, the teaching of the motto being enforced by the position of the house, which stands midway between Newcastle and the sea, overlooking the Tyne. Carville Hall is now the property of Wigham Richardson, Esq., and he has presented the dial to the members of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, who have placed it upon the roof of the Norman keep of the Castle. The following description of the dial has been given by the Rev. J. R. Boyle:—"The dial stone is an oblong slab, two sides of which are parallelograms, and two are rhomboids. This rests upon an upright pillar. The dial slab lies in the plane of the earth's equator. On its upper surface is a north polar dial, which will show the time from the vernal to the autumnal equinox. On its under surface is a south polar dial, which will show the time from the autumnal to the vernal equinox. On the vertical sides of the dial are four erect direct dials, facing exactly the four quarters of the earth. The dials are all graduated to half hours. I have placed the dial in the meridian of the castle of Newcastle. It will therefore show, when the equations of time are applied, not Greenwich, but local time. On the north side of the stone is a shield bearing two bends and a crescent for difference impaling, ermine, a chevron engrailed." The latter are the arms of John Cosyn, who built Carville Hall, and died in 1662. He was buried at All Saints, Newcastle. The Hall is also called Cosyn's House. The date 1667 is engraved on the pillar of the dial, and it was probably erected by John Cosyn's son-in-law, to whom the coat of arms evidently belonged. The motto is placed just above the north polar dial; the word "dial" being of course required to complete the sense of the inscription."

UT HORA SIO VITA.
1727.

Life is an hour.

This motto may be seen on a little white wooden dial

which formerly stood on the porch of Stanhope, co. Durham, but has now been placed on the south wall of the chancel. The register books show that the dial was put up by Bishop Butler, then rector. His "Analogy" was written when he lived at Stanhope.

WATCH AND PRAY,
TIME HASTES AWAY.

Over a cottage at Barton, near Darlington; also on the church porch of Llantiglos-by-Fowey, Cornwall; and on a horizontal dial in the churchyard of Westward, Cumberland.

THE GIBSIDE DIAL.

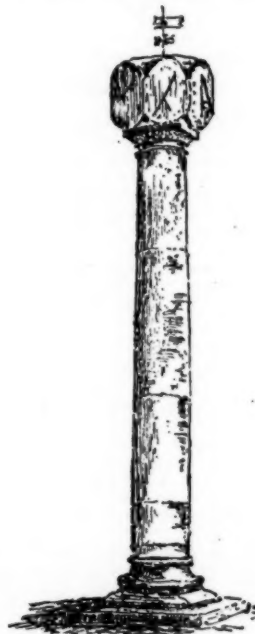
This dial stands above the front door of Gibside Hall, and bears the motto:—

UTI HORA, SIO VITA.
As an hour, so is life.

The arms of Bowes and Blakeston, Mr. James F. Robinson informs us, are marked on the front with initials of the names of Blakeston, Bowes, and Strathmore, and the dates of 1620, that of the first erection of the hall, and of 1805, the time when the hall was put into its present form.

THE SEVEN DIALS.

The locality which goes by this designation in London is fairly well-known all over the kingdom. Few of those, however, who are familiar with the name know how it originated. We will let our authors tell us. "The seven dials," they remark, "which give their name to the district in the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, were,



curiously enough, only six in number. They form the six faces of the block of stone which crowned the Doric column, and each dial fronted one of the streets which

met in the open space where the pillar stood. Two of these streets opened into one angle, so that the seven formed an irregular star, as described by John Evelyn. 'I went,' he says, 'on the 5th of October, 1694, to see the block of stone—St. Giles—where seven streets, making a star from the Doric pillar placed in the middle of the circular area, said to have been built by Mr. Neal, introducer of the late lotteries.' Cunningham's 'Handbook to London' says it was removed in July, 1773, on the supposition that a considerable sum of money was lodged at the base, but the search was ineffectual. The old column had been some years in a stone mason's yard, and in 1822 was bought by the inhabitants of Weybridge, and set up on the green as a memorial to the Duchess of York."

John the Pieman, a Sunderland Character.

JOSEPH CAWTHORNE, familiarly known as John the Pieman, was a well-known figure in the streets of Sunderland thirty or forty years ago. John's "pies all hot" were made of good materials, and he used to cry them in a fashion peculiarly his own. When any young customers came, they were required to put pennies down on the tin-lid, and ask: "Heads or tails?" If "John" guessed right, he



whipped up the pennies and gave them no pies; but if he guessed wrong, they got their pennies back, and pies each into the bargain. "Toss or buy, gentlemen," he said on such occasions; "I am the only man

in Sunderland who fought at Waterloo." And this boast was commonly taken to be well founded, as it was sustained by the medals he displayed on his breast when in holiday costume. These seemed to bear out that "John" was one of the few surviving heroes of the Peninsular War, and of the great battle on the plains of Waterloo. According to his own account, Joseph Cawthorne was born on the anniversary of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist, the 29th of August, 1790, at Newark-on-Trent. When he was fourteen years of age, he was bound apprentice to a canvas weaver; but he was hardly out of his apprenticeship when he joined the Montgomeryshire Militia, and shortly afterwards volunteered into the first battalion of the Rifle Brigade. After a six weeks' furlough, he proceeded to Lisbon to join his regiment, marching through Portugal to Spain. He fought at Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and Toulouse, and in nearly every one of the hotly-contested engagements in the Peninsula; and he had the rare good fortune to be only once wounded, and that but slightly. But at Waterloo he was wounded a second time, and that rather more severely. After returning to England, he continued in the service of his country for three or four years more, and then took his discharge. This was about the year 1819. Unfortunately, he got no pension, for what reason we cannot say; neither do we know what chance brought him to Sunderland, where he eventually took up his abode, and managed to make a decent living in the way above indicated. When he had reached his sixty-eighth year and began to feel the infirmities of old age, efforts were made to get him a small pension, and the consequence was that he had sixpence a day allowed him, which was increased in 1863 to ninepence, and in 1866 to a shilling a day. The old pieman died in 1869, in his seventy-ninth year.

Calaby Castle, Northumberland.

WHEN a certain baronial tower was being built in Scotland, we forget in what county, the masons were astonished each morning to find that all they had accomplished the previous day had been thrown down during the night. This playing at cross purposes continued for some time. At length one day a loud voice was heard, exclaiming:—

Build it in a bog,
And it will neither shake nor shog.

The laird immediately took the hint, abandoned the chosen site, and pitched upon a new one on a small knoll in the midst of a neighbouring morass. And there the tower stands to this day.

A precisely similar legend exists relative to the old castle of Calaly, near Whittingham, the seat of the Claverings. The tradition runs that while the workmen were engaged in erecting it upon a hill, a little distance from the site on which it now stands, they were surprised, like their Scottish brethren, every morning to find their last day's work destroyed. They likewise found themselves constantly impeded by what seemed supernatural obstacles, enough to dishearten, if not terrify, the boldest. A watch was at length set to find out, if possible, who the mischief-makers could be. The watchers remained till midnight without seeing any symptoms of hostility or disturbance. All remained till that hour just as the builders had left it. Suddenly, however, just as night's black keystone was passed, a strange commotion and stir was seen to have commenced among the closely compacted materials. Each particular stone, one by one, rose gradually up on its end, toppled over, and fell noiselessly to the earth. No incarnate agent—man, beast, or devil—was discernible, but the work of dilapidation went on, without intermission as without din, till every one of the rows of masonry was displaced, and the whole lay together in a ruinous heap. A voice was then heard, saying :—

Calaly Castle stands on a height ;
It's up in the day and down at night ;
Set it up on the Shepherd's Shaw,
There it will stand and never fa'.

The site thus interdicted was forthwith abandoned, and the work recommenced on the spot which the voice had considerably pointed out. There no interruption took place, and the castle therefore rose in due season, in what James Hardy, who transferred the tale from the pages of Bell's "Rhymes of the Northern Bards" to those of the "Local Historian's Table Book," calls "the proud grandeur of the stern battlements, bidding defiance to the foe and to time—strong in the adamantine workmanship of

an iron age, and fortified with the valiant arms of warlike defenders."

Mr. W. W. Tomlinson, in his "Comprehensive Guide to Northumberland," taking a practical view of the legend, avers that it arose from the dislike of the lord of Calaly's lady to the proposed site of the castle, and that she devised a scheme by which she might get her own way. A faithful attendant, dressed up like a boar, was to pull down nightly all that had been built during the day, and so awaken the superstitious fears of her good lord. The plan succeeded, and the work of destruction was set down to supernatural causes.

The tooth of Time, however, or the happy change that has taken place since the union of the crowns and kingdoms of England and Scotland in the conditions, habits, and requirements of the dwellers in our old Border Land, has done what the boldest and best accounted leader of a raid or foray from the Scottish side could scarcely have dreamed of accomplishing. For an old tower now alone remains of the ancient edifice, all the other parts of the present building being modern.

A conical eminence, called the Castle Hill, not far from a lofty wooded hill locally known as the Crag, whence there is a very extensive prospect over the vales of Coquet, Whittingham, and Glendale, would seem to have been the site originally fixed on by the Saxon or Norman owner of Calaly, whoever he was, whereon to build his castle. The top of this eminence, comprising about two acres, has been surrounded by a strong wall, and, in the weakest places, by a fosse twenty feet deep, hewn out of the solid rock, and flanked on the outside with another wall. Down the western brow, about one hundred paces distant, is a third wall, the ruins of which are said by Dugdale in his "British Traveller" (1819), to have measured upwards of twenty-two feet at their base. The whole fortified area contains nearly six acres, and is diffi-

Calaly Castle.



cult of access. There are several other ancient camps in the vicinity, which has been the scene of innumerable battles and skirmishes.

These pre-historic ruins on the Castle Hill may have given rise to the tradition respecting the intervention of the tricky spirits to hinder the place from being in a manner desecrated by the new possessors of the manor. But we must be content with the legend as we find it.

Calaly was a vill of William de Calaly, in the beginning of the reign of King Henry III., and of his son Gilbert de Calaly, in the same reign. The family of the Claverings derive their descent, in the male line, from Charlemagne. The old name of the Claverings was De Burgh, and a former Marquis of Clanricarde, descended from the same stock, obtained royal leave to assume the name and arms of De Burgh in 1752. The Claverings were represented amongst the barons who compelled King John to sign Magna Charta. At a later period the representatives of the family were adherents of the Stuart cause.

Help, the Railway Dog.

THE Scotch collie, on account of his intelligence and tractability, is a general favourite. But although he is frequently put to uses for which he was never intended, he soon adapts himself to his changed circumstances, and proves himself the

friend of mankind. Help, the railway dog, an interesting specimen of the collie breed, is the property of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. He will follow, without leading, any railwayman with whom he has had a few hours' acquaintance. The idea of keeping and training a dog to act as a medium for the collection of money in aid of the Railway Servants' Orphan Fund originated with Mr. John Climpson, the guard of the "night boat train" on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway—a position which he has filled for over twenty-seven years. Mr. William Riddell, of Hailes, Haddington, having become acquainted with the fact that such a dog was required, presented the subject of this notice to the Orphan Fund. Help has been the means of adding about a thousand pounds to the funds of the society. When he visited Newcastle in October, 1887, the local contribution amounted to £24s. 9d. He has not been trained to perform any antics, so that his mission is known only by a handsome silver collar, to which is appended a silver medal bearing the following inscription:—"I am Help, the railway dog of England, and travelling agent for the orphans of railwaymen who are killed on duty. My office is at 55, Colebrooke Row, London, where subscriptions will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged." Our drawing of Help is reproduced from a capital lithograph executed by the Newcastle artist, Mr. Wilson Hepple.



Early Wars of Northumbria.

VII.

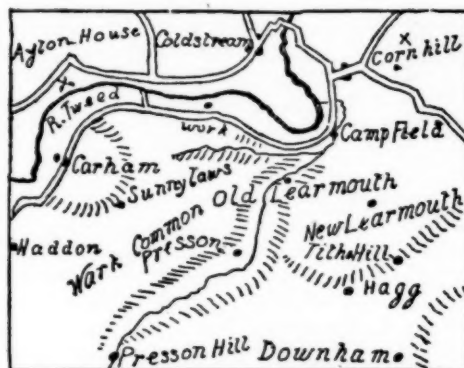
THE SAXON ADVANCE.

AFTER a century of internal broils, and a long succession of attacks from Danish invaders, it would be difficult to conceive anything more miserable than the condition of the North Country in 825. Eanred, the Anglian king, was too weak to control his unruly followers, and, amid the intrigues that were constantly going forward, the people could make no substantial progress. They were not only dissatisfied, but disheartened, and seemed ready to welcome almost any change that promised amelioration. It is not surprising, therefore, that Egbert of Wessex—after overrunning the whole of Mercia—should have marched his victorious Saxons beyond the Humber. The southern forces, at all events, were better than the harrying Danes, and the opposition to their advance was neither serious nor determined. Though not relishing the new situation, Eanred wisely bowed to the inevitable, resigned his shadowy sceptre, and paid homage to the conqueror. Some writers have endeavoured to show that Egbert was, as his courtiers called him, “first King of the English.” Even Mr. Green would appear to endorse this opinion, as he places him at the head of his genealogical tables. Hume, however, is inclined to think that the title was never properly assumed till the reign of Edward the Elder, in 901, and Sharon Turner even puts it as late as Athelstane, in 934. But whoever may have been first king, or whatever may be the precise date, it is certain that Egbert never consolidated the Anglo-Saxon power. “Each State and People,” says Sir Francis Palgrave, “continued as distinct as before. There was no common Legislature, and no means of concentrating, in the supreme Government, the strength and resources of the community.” It was this defect, more than any other, that enabled the Danes to prove so troublesome. They found their opportunity in the jealousies and rivalries so prevalent in the tributary kingdoms, and were not slow to take advantage of a combination of circumstances so favourable to them. Though their inroads were splendidly checked during the height of Egbert’s prosperity, they had managed, before the close of his reign, to establish themselves securely on many a well protected stretch of coast-line, and to work much mischief amongst the inhabitants and buildings of the adjacent territory. It would be beyond the scope of these articles to notice all the changes that took place during the long and bloody struggles that ended in the succession of a Danish king. We can only indicate the part that Northumbria played in shaping the country’s destinies, and trust that the record may convey a toler-

ably accurate idea of the scenes and incidents that were so prevalent elsewhere.

BATTLE OF CARHAM.

After their very complete plundering of the Northern monasteries, there had been a brief and welcome respite from the periodical inroads of the Norsemen. It is not quite clear when they next appeared in force, but probably not before 832. In that year, we hear of a daring attack on the Isle of Sheppey, and a hasty flight with a load of ill-gotten booty. There was also an attempt made to land on the promontory at Tynemouth; but the long notice which the inhabitants received before the onslaught took place, enabled them to beat back the assailants to their ships. In 833, there was a much more numerous arrival, and a tolerably severe fight. The Danes are supposed to have alighted, on this occasion, in the neighbourhood of Tweedmouth, and to have used the river as a means of forming a junction with allies they had secured amongst the Britons of Strathclyde. They had only reached Carham, however, when they were intercepted by a hastily organised force, under King Egbert in person, and a battle at once ensued. The invaders received the



English attack on ground of their own choosing, and played such havoc amongst them that the assault was repulsed with very heavy loss. Following up this advantage, the Danes rushed upon the confused ranks of their opponents, and very quickly drove them from the vicinity of the river. The defeat proved fatal to 11 bishops and 32 earls, and if the remnant of Egbert’s force had not quietly retreated during the night, the casualties would doubtless have been much more considerable.

DOUBTS AS TO LOCALITY.

There seems to be rather more uncertainty about this battle than about almost any other that had previously occurred. Most modern writers have fixed the locality at Charmouth, in Dorset, and have given the victory to the Saxons. They all speak of the ferocity and desperate valour of the new foe; but add that, in spite of their great numbers and the resolute manner in which they

clung to their position, they were compelled to retreat to their ships. Other authorities—though adhering to the southern county as the scene of the *melee*—assert that the English sustained a serious reverse, and that "Egbert himself only escaped by the covert of night." In the face of these conflicting records, the problem is not an easy one to solve. All the probabilities, however, seem to favour the Northern district. The invaders, who unquestionably meant to settle in the land if they could, were far more likely to fasten upon a province that had only recently been subdued—and where there was a prospect of securing ready assistance—than they were to seek a home in the heart of a powerful and long-established kingdom like Wessex. Leland, who was both competent and diligent in his antiquarian researches, seems to have had no hesitation in saying that the battle was fought on the Tweed. Mr. Green's testimony, in a negative sense, supports this view; because he alludes to the Charmouth battle as having taken place in the reign of Ethelwulf. Mr. Grant Allen, too, appears to have been struck by this discrepancy in the dates of the old chronicle, for he tells us that an almost identical record appears on two pages. Egbert is said to have fought, at an unnamed place, against the crews of thirty-five ships; but that the Danes, after muckle slaughter, held the field. A similar entry, having reference to Charmouth, occurs under Ethelwulf, seven years later, and this, he thinks, is the correct one. But, wherever the battle was fought, there can be no doubt that the strength of the invaders has been greatly over-estimated. All records agree in stating that their fleet consisted of thirty-five vessels. If this was so, they could not possibly have carried the 15,000 men who are said to have ranged themselves under the Danish banner. What more likely, therefore, than that the Danes had joined hands with a portion of their allies before they got to Carham; or that their ranks had been swelled by a considerable section of the discontented inhabitants of Northumbria itself?

ABSENCE OF RECORDS.

It may appear somewhat strange, if this supposition is admitted, that there should be no further reference to exploits which were sure to have followed the Danish triumph. But even this is capable of explanation. It is pretty generally admitted that the Norsemen did gain a permanent footing in Northumbria sooner than in any other part of the country, and the manner in which they plundered the religious houses, and scattered their inmates, would naturally lead to the destruction of documents in which their proceedings had been narrated. The old monks were the chroniclers in these early times, and the conditions under which they did their work were not of the most favourable description. From 812, we are told, right away to the end of the century, and for at least two decades of the succeeding one, ecclesiastical history was in utter obscurity. The names of the successive

archbishops have been preserved; but, beyond this fact, little else is known concerning them. In such a lamentable state of society, and with only the West Saxon records to depend upon, it is hardly surprising that there should be such a dearth of information concerning the many battles and raids that must have preceded the Danish domination.

SAD CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

The outlook in Egbert's own land of Wessex had become very critical before his death, in 836, and it had required all his strength and resource to check the inroads that were constantly being attempted. Ethelwulf, his weak successor, was similarly assailed; and at so many places simultaneously that he could not even prevent the storm and pillage of London. There was no time, therefore, to give attention to disturbances far from the seat

of Government, and the sea kings were practically left at liberty to consolidate their strength in Northumbria. And this they set about with savage ferocity. There was pity for neither old nor young. "The Vikings," says Sir Francis Palgrave, "were enemies who tore the screaming babes from mothers' arms, and tossed them on the point of the spear. If they took any

prisoners, they never spared the lives of their captives, except for the purpose of extorting money by way of ransom; and they often put their victims to death with the most cruel torture." There was retaliation, as a matter of course, but it was powerless to stem the onward progress of the invading hordes. The terrible flood of heathen savagery was so formidable that the Anglo-Saxon people were quite unable to cope with it. They had no central organization, no properly equipped army, no commissariat, and an inadequate supply of ships. There was a general call for men, it is true; but, being without the means of sustaining a lengthened campaign, the recruits, of necessity, were compelled to return to their own homes after the first conflict was decided. If the fight was in their favour, they drank over its success. If fortune was adverse, the demoralised bands sought shelter in flight, and left the occupants of the defended towns to battle or bribe for their safety.

THE STORY OF REGNER LODEROG.

Being thus thrown on their own resources, it is not surprising that the Angles of Northumbria and Mercia should have repudiated their allegiance to the Southern king. If this step had been followed by a union between them, it is more than likely that the Danish triumphs



would have been averted, and that the Saxon power would have been crippled for good. As it happened, however, there was a renewal of the old jealousy and discord. Not only did each state struggle for its own independence, but each chieftain made a bid for the supreme authority. How the feuds ended, there is no precise information to show; but Redwulf, who was in possession of the throne of Northumbria in 844, is said to have been killed during an expedition against Wessex. This, it is probable, is little more than conjecture, as there seems no good evidence on which it can be supported. There is more than a suspicion, also, that the alleged fate of Regner Lodbrog is only pure romance. Scandinavian writers have a good deal to say about this heroic King of Denmark, and as to the vastness of his conquests in various parts of Europe. They tell us, with many picturesque phrases, that this distinguished person—when on his return from a successful enterprise in the Mediterranean—was wrecked on some dangerous portion of the Yorkshire coast, and that it was not without much difficulty that he saved himself and 500 men. Ella—who at that time was guiding the destinies of Deira—is said to have conducted an overwhelming force against the unfortunate party, and to have destroyed everybody but the king. To the astonishment of all his assailants, we read, Regner seemed impervious to either sword cut or spear thrust, and to bear himself like a man with a charmed life. Casting themselves upon him in a body, the Angles compelled him to submit, and then threw him into a dungeon that swarmed with vipers. Here, again, was some miraculous interposition, as none of the reptiles would bite him. In the examination that followed, it was discovered that the hero's body was swathed in a silken robe, and, as this was thought likely to constitute his strange protection, it was at once torn from his back by the angry men around him. No sooner had this task been accomplished, than the vipers turned upon him from all sides. Though the sufferings of the unfortunate king were frightful to witness, not a groan escaped his lips; and, even in his agony, he is said to have composed and sung the "death song" that has since held a foremost place in the legendary literature of the Scandinavian people.

DANISH VENGEANCE AT YORK.

But putting aside all the harrowing details that are said to have befallen this unhappy Dane, it is pretty certain that some of the Anglian excesses did lead to the famous invasion of 865. Hingvar and Hubba, two of the sons of Regner, had associated themselves with several other Vikings, and determined to wreak a terrible vengeance on their foes. They landed a mighty host on the coast of East Anglia, and there fraternised, during the winter, with the numerous bands of their countrymen who had already established themselves. On the ample folds of their standard was to be seen the raven of Odin, and there were few amongst the encamped men who did not believe that this national ensign was endowed with

magical powers. If victory was to follow an onslaught, the raven stood proudly erect; but, if defeat was impending, the poor bird hung its head as if in shame, and sadly drooped its sable wings. In the early spring of 866, the gathering storm burst upon the island. It was no longer the intention of the Danes to merely ravage the country for the spoil they could carry away. They now meant to settle as they conquered, and had made ample preparations for that end. Gathering up their forces, and seizing all the horses that were available in the district round about, they marched rapidly in the direction of York. Civil strife, as usual, was distracting the energies of Northumbria. Osbert and Ella were so busily fighting for the subject crown, that they had left the Deiran capital in possession of a very inadequate garrison. It followed, almost of necessity, that when the Danish vanguard appeared before the defences of the city, the burghers admitted them without a struggle. When thus securely settled, the invaders lost no time in making their power felt amongst the people of the adjacent territory. This easy capture of their stronghold was a serious shock to the native combatants. Ella's peaceful advances to Osbert were unhesitatingly accepted; and then, making common cause, the Anglian leaders endeavoured to expel their unwelcome visitors. But in this they failed. Though they fell upon the town with the utmost fury, and fought as valiantly as men could fight, their attack was repulsed with heavy slaughter. Again and again they renewed the conflict, and, on one occasion, broke through the outer line of fortifications. Then ensued a series of hand-to-hand encounters in which Osbert was slain, Ella captured, and the bulk of their followers put to the sword. For the people generally there was now a period of grievous affliction, in which the most inhuman cruelties were perpetrated. For Ella, it is said, was reserved the most terrible punishment of all; as it was not until the skin had been carved off his back, in the shape of a wild boar, that his treatment of Regner was thought to be avenged. When, in addition, the wound had been scrubbed with salt, and the wretched man was left to finish his life in agony, the Danes conceived that a proper interest had been added to the debt they owed him. Having satisfied their thirst for blood, the victors appointed Hingvar to rule over the newly-won territory, and the hold they thus secured was never thoroughly loosened. After this unexpected success, the whole of Northumbria practically submitted. Two years later East Anglia was in the toils; and its people saw their king bound to a tree, and shot to death with Danish arrows. Mercia, too, was crouching at the feet of the conquerors by 870. Its monasteries were in flames, its monks amid the ruins, and the rich possessions of the Church were divided amongst the heathen. In five years the work of Egbert had been undone, and England, north of the Thames, had been torn from the overlordship of Wessex.

GUTHRUN AS KING.

During these early days of Danish domination, the condition of the country was far from enviable. Whitby had been plundered, in 867, and its monastery again destroyed. Ripon, the favourite home of St. Wilfrid, shared the same fate. Aldborough, the Roman Isurium, was burnt to the ground in 870, and similar depredations were committed in many other districts. It was during the latter year that the death of the mighty Hingvar made way for the accession of Guthrun to the throne of York. The Danish chroniclers speak in high terms of the liberality of this prince, and assert that all the gold he gained was apportioned amongst his men. In disposition, however, he was a veritable savage. So relentless was he towards his opponents that he not only killed all who crossed his path, but burnt down their towns and churches wherever he could find them. It was during the reign of this strangely constituted personage that an attempt was made to bring the people north of the Tyne more completely into accord with their masters. They had so often rebelled against the authority of Hingvar, that it was deemed advisable to conciliate them with a ruler of their own race. Egbert, an Anglian chieftain, was appointed to the post; but he speedily discovered that the duties expected of him were so irksome that he could not retain the position, and he abandoned it in 873. He was succeeded by Ricsig—the first Norseman who ever really governed north of the Tyne—and, for a few months, the aspect of affairs showed signs of improvement. In one of his periodic journeys to York, however, the new ruler was waylaid and murdered, and the disorders to which the event gave rise were not easily quelled.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The Wags of Durham.

THE first number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, which appeared in January, 1837, under the editorship of Charles Dickens, contained, among other contributions by that famous Irish humourist, the Rev. Francis Mahony, better known as "Father Prout," what purported to be the original of the noble ode on "The Burial of Sir John Moore," which Byron pronounced one of the finest in the language, which Goethe said was one of the most impressive he had ever read, and which Prout himself speaks of as "unparalleled in the English language for all the qualities of a true lyric, breathing the finest spirit of the antique, and setting criticism completely at defiance." But no fact in literature is better ascertained than that the ode was the production of a native of Dublin, the Rev. Charles Wolfe, C.B., curate of Donoughmore, in the diocese of Armagh, who died on the 21st of February, 1823, in the thirty-second year of

his age, and in whose "Remains," edited by the Rev. John A. Russell, M.A., Archdeacon of Clogher, of which there are many editions, it will be found, with a full detail of the circumstances under which it was composed. Yet, notwithstanding this, the authorship of the poem was long disputed by persons ignorant of the real circumstances, or anxious to play a trick upon the public.

A letter appeared in the *Courier*, a London newspaper, of November 3rd, 1824, purporting to come from "Henry Marshall, M.D., South Street, Durham," in which the writer characterised as false the statement which had been made in the *Morning Chronicle* a few days before, to the effect that the "Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore" were Wolfe's. It was, he said, "as barefaced a fabrication as ever was foisted on the public." The letter went on to say:—

The lines in question are not written by Wolfe, nor by Hailey, nor is Deacon the author, but they were composed by me. I published them, originally, some years ago, in the *Durham County Advertiser*, a journal in which I have at different times inserted several poetical trifles, as "The Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep," "Lines on the Lamented Death of Benjamin Galley, Esq.," and some other little effusions. I can prove, by the most incontestable evidence, the truth of what I have asserted. The first copy of my lines was given by me to my friend and relation, Captain Bell, and it is in his possession at present: it agrees perfectly with the copy now in circulation, with this exception—it does not contain the stanzas commencing with "Few and short," which I added afterwards at the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Alderson, of Butterby.

This epistle was a mere hoax, perpetrated by a party of gentlemen who came to be known as the "Wags of Durham." The self-styled M.D. was a well-known horse-doctor in Durham, whose habits were convivial rather than literary; "The Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep," which he was also made to claim, was written by



Rev. Alderson, Bellman of Durham

Professor Wilson, who subsequently avowed himself the author; Benjamin Galley was a poor Durham idiot, on whose death Marshall never wrote any lines; and the

Rev. Dr. Alderson was Hutchinson Alderson, otherwise Hut. Alderson, the then bellman of Durham, commonly known as "the Bishop of Butterby," of whom the portrait on the previous page appeared originally in Hone's "Table Book."

A bosom friend of the real author of the ode, Mr. John Sidney Taylor, indignant at the claims put forth in Marshall's letter, which he took for granted was the genuine production of a real physician, immediately wrote a furious reply:—

I know not who this professor of medicine is, but his rampant rudeness strikes me as being very characteristic of the quack. Had the doctor made his claim in the consciousness of its rectitude, he would have felt that it did not promote his cause to be equally imbecile in argument and ferocious in expression. As his main argument, the doctor tells us that he gave a copy of the verses some years ago to one of his friends, who has it still in his possession, and that, with the exception of one verse, which he subsequently wrote, the copy perfectly agrees with the one which is now in circulation. I have no reason to doubt his statement; but if he makes this a proof of authorship, he is as bad a logician as a poet, however bad that may be. That he represented the anonymous verses as his own, may be very true; that he should have found anyone to believe him, is more extraordinary. The circumstance of his copy perfectly agreeing with that now in circulation, which is full of errors, proves that he was as clearly the author of the original verses as that Alexander the copper-smith was the founder of the Macedonian Empire.

On this letter the *Durham Chronicle* made the following comment:—

We could not help pitying the poor doctor when we perused Mr. Taylor's violent attack on his character, which, we can assure our distant readers, is very respectable; but we could not refrain, at the same time, from indulging in a hearty laugh at the idea of a Student in the Middle Temple throwing aside his Bracton, Glanville, and Coke, and sitting down to pen a philippic against a humble and inoffensive practitioner of the Veterinary Art, and thinking (there's the rub!) all the while he was thus employed he was cutting up a regular physician.

Alluding to the fact that Marshall's name had been taken in vain by the perpetrators of the hoax, and that the worthy man was as ignorant as a Hottentot of the claim he had been alleged to make, the editor of the *Durham Chronicle* went on to say:—

Although we have been much amused with the humorous discussion to which the Durham letter has given rise, we would wish it to be understood that we highly disapprove of tricks of such a description, and that we think the most unwarrantable liberties have been taken with Dr. Marshall, who must have felt most poignantly the unmerited and severe attacks that have been made upon him, not only in the metropolis, but in his native city, for even our brother editor, Mr. Humble (tu quoque Brute!), who was once the doctor's printer, and whose columns used formerly to be adorned with his "poetical trifles," has endeavoured to give a cruel stab to his literary reputation by styling his productions "doggerel." This was the unkindest cut of all! But let not the worthy doctor be disheartened; let him be of good cheer; the merits of his "little effusions" are too well known to suffer their value to be lessened by the fiat of Mr. Humble—for everyone acquainted with them is aware of their pathos, bathos, tenderness, sublimity, and elegance; and when Hut. Alderson's bell is silent, and no longer thrills gratefully in the ears of the delighted fishwomen, when all the waggery of the Durham wits is forgotten, when the file of the *Durham Advertiser* is mouldering in rotteness, and when the writer of this article is slumbering in

the cold and silent tomb, the name of Marshall will be immortal, and be classed by posterity with that of his illustrious Roman namesake?

The joke had turned out so well that the wags did not like to part with it too soon. And, therefore, as a second act in the farce, they persuaded Dr. Marshall that he ought to send up to London a specimen of his veritable writing, for the purpose of clearing his poetical character. And this he did. The *Globe* was chosen as the journal in which the poem should appear; and accordingly in due course the columns of that paper contained "Lines on the Death of Mr. John Bolton (formerly of Chester-le-Street), Clock and Watch Maker, Elvet, Durham." The first four lines, quoted in "Richardson's Table Book," were as follows:—

Behold, the great Mechanic is no more;
I hope he's landed on the Elysian shore.
He died on Saturday, collected, sober,
The twenty-seventh day of last October.

Several clever parodies on Wolfe's lines were penned by the wags of the day. One of them, entitled "Ode on the writing of Dr. Marshall's Letter," ran thus:—

Not a snoring note, not a sound was heard
As we sat by our old round table;
And we none of us laugh'd—though we all averr'd
To refrain we were scarcely able.

We in conclave met at the dead of night,
All fear of detection spurning,
By a farthing candle's twinkling light,
And an oil lamp dimly burning.

No useless masks did our forms invest,
Nor in cloaks for disguise we bound us,
But calmly we did in our arm-chairs rest,
With bottles of brandy round us.

Few and short were the words we wrote,
For to brevity we were partial;
But we put "Hut. Alderson" into our note,
And signed it—"Henry Marshall."

We waggishly thought, as we penn'd our hoax,
And lean'd o'er the Bath-post paper,
How the wits of the North would laugh at our jokes,
While Taylor would storm and vapour.

We thought how Taylor our new M.D.
Would abuse, and in print upbraid him,
And how the horse-doctor would laugh to see
What we Durham wags had made him.

But now that our pleasant task was done,
The hour was each inquiring,
When the bell of St. Cuthbert's, tolling one,
Told it was time for retiring.

Then we gave the Doctor's health as a toast,
And we all sallied forth in our glory.
Our effusion we put in the *Durham Post*,
And the knowing ones gull'd with our story.

The true history of the ode is, that it was composed by Mr. Wolfe in 1817, on reading Southey's prose narrative of the battle of Corunna in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, and that it first appeared soon after with his initials, though without his knowledge, in the *Newry Telegraph*, from which it was immediately copied into the London papers, and from them into those of Dublin, Edinburgh, and the provinces. A letter from Mr. Wolfe to his friend Taylor, containing the ode, is preserved in the archives of the Irish Royal Academy; and

Mr. R. W. Dixon, of Seaton Carew, in a letter inserted in an early volume of *Notes and Queries*, says:—

If any doubts remain as to the authorship of the lines "On the Burial of Sir John Moore," I have it in my power to satisfy them satisfactorily, for I know for certainty that the Rev. Charles Wolfe, when chaplain to the old county jail, in the city of Durham, acknowledged the authorship by inserting them in the *Durham Advertiser*, with his signature attached.

But who were the wags that perpetrated the hoax of 1824? A full account of the affair appears in "Richardson's Table Book," published in 1844. The writer therein states that the wags were so completely organized, and so admirably kept their own counsel, that their pranks were never in a single instance "brought home to any of their doors." It appears from the same writer that the reign of the wags, commencing in 1821, extended over a space of five or six years. One of their practical jokes was to dress the figure of Neptune in the Market Place in shirt and cravat! Mr. J. H. Dixon (brother of the gentleman just named) was the writer of the article which described the proceedings of the wags. And Mr. Dixon was himself one of them, while another is believed to have been Mr. William Crighton, afterwards an eminent solicitor in Newcastle.

Mrs. Browning's Birthplace.

TO many people who travel by railway from Newcastle to Hartlepool via Ferryhill, the country they pass through—the "soft" coalfield of Durham—is a "sealed book." Black and unsightly collieries meet the eye at every turn. Yet the district is full of traditional interest. An encampment was stated to have existed in the old Roman days in the valley midway between the village of Kelloe and the height on which stand Coxhoe Hall and Kelloe Church. Nearly everything appertaining to this encampment has, however, been swept away, and, but for the works on the heights to the southward, there is little to tell that the Romans once sojourned there.

As the train bound eastward leaves Coxhoe Bridge Station, after speeding past the slag heaps of Ferryhill and the rows of cottage dwellings which constitute the Cornforth villages, a valley is reached with banks sloping somewhat steeply from both north and south. Here is seen a wild-looking, rush-grown lake, which wild fowl must regard as a perfect "haven of rest" in severe weather. The land on the south side appears sour and hungry enough, with its short, wiry grass, scanty crops, and bare crest away towards Sedgfield. On the north side, however, the prospect is different. The land rises by regular terraced ascents until the woods, gardens, and shrubberies of Coxhoe Hall close the view, with the hall itself, in pure Gothic outline, peeping from amid a luxuriance of foliage. But what a change meets the eye to the eastward!

Passing the farmhouse beyond Kelloe Church, the hungry look of the land is again predominant as far as bleak Garmondsway Moor, the only "redeeming feature" of which is the Raisby Company's immense limestone and manganese quarries.

It was amid such surroundings, at once stern and classical, that Elizabeth Barrett (afterwards Mrs. Browning) was born and spent the first three years of her life.

The site now occupied by Coxhoe Hall is believed to have been an important point in connection with the Roman encampment below, and the terraced construction of the grounds surrounding it, together with the land on either hand up to the crest of the ridge, even if old remnants of masonry had not been found to bear out this theory, fully justifies the assumption. The property heretofore was owned in the early part of the last century by Mr. John Burdon (no relative of the Castle Eden family), who about 1725 built the present hall. The site he selected had long been occupied by the ruins of an old Catholic chapel, whose history is unknown. According to Hatfield's Survey, a resident family had then assumed the local name; but the Blackistons had previously acquired the manor and vill, which they continued to hold till 1621, when the estate passed by marriage to William Kennett, whose great-granddaughter, Mary, married Kenneth, Earl and titular Marquis of Seaforth, of the Kingdom of Scotland. The earl engaged in the rebellion of 1715, and the countess died in exile in Paris in 1739. Before this Mr. Burdon had purchased the manor; and in 1758 he conveyed it to John Swinburn, husband of his niece, Sarah Burdon. William Swinburn, brother and successor of John, died without issue, and the estate, after passing to Major William Swinburn, was sold on December 19, 1794, under a decree in Chancery, to Mr. John Forster, of Lincoln's Inn, from whom it passed to Mr. Thomas Cook, and afterwards to Mr. Anthony Wilkinson. When Mr. Burdon commenced building the hall, he brought a number of Italians to work at the internal decorations of the various rooms, and these workmen have left rich specimens of their handicraft, not only at Coxhoe, but in the ornamentation of Aykley Heads, near Durham.

The hall faces to the southward, and its architectural design is the castellated Gothic. To harmonise with this, subsequent occupants have followed the same line of taste in the construction of adjacent buildings, and also of enclosure walls, &c., so that the whole outside appearance of the place is uniformly maintained. The west façade is almost as striking as the principal one, with the advantage of having a better prospect, for it overlooks the carefully kept tennis ground, which is surrounded by ornamental shrubs that shut out completely the vista of ragged country away towards the Cornforths and the marsh land about Mainsforth; whilst behind is one of the most pronounced of the terraces, which, besides pos-

sessing Roman relics, has been beautified by flower borders and rustic seats. The extensive grounds attached to the hall are laid out with great taste, as may be gathered from the accompanying sketches of the Avenue and Long Walk.



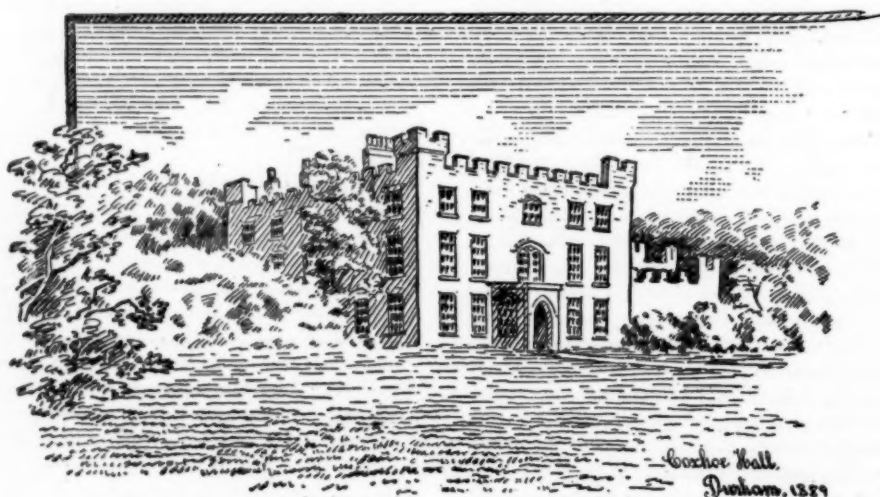
Elizabeth Barrett Browning
1859

Coxhoe Hall is a three-storeyed structure, containing, on the ground floor, three reception-rooms and a billiard-room, whilst in the two storeys above are the morning-room and some twenty bedrooms. In the three principal of the reception-rooms the carving is extremely rich. Whichever way the visitor happens to turn, handsomely modelled brackets, cornices, &c., claim his attention, whilst overhead the ceilings are elaborately

enriched. The ornamentation on every hand is of the florid Italian style, intermixed with a few classical modellings. The fireplaces, however, merit special mention. That in the drawing-room is formed of carved wood—figures with floral wreaths and shells, the Burdon crest (a squirrel) taking the centre place; and cunning hands indeed must have been at work to form the intricate curves of flowers, fruit, and stalks, which are its leading features. A more beautiful specimen of its kind does not exist, in the county of Durham at least. The noble staircase is a fine sample of highly decorative work. In the bedrooms, the same florid architecture has been carried out, whilst coloured marbles, more or less ornamented, have been employed in the setting of each fireplace. In fact, the builder of Coxhoe Hall appears to have been an enthusiast in art and architecture.

Mr. Burdon removed from Coxhoe at the beginning of the last century, and took up his residence at Hardwick Hall, near Sedgefield. Here, again, he appears to have indulged his tastes to the utmost. Following the fashion set at Studley Royal, he laid out the gardens and pleasure grounds in a magnificent fashion, interspersing the wealth of flowers, foliage, and ornamental water with classical structures, amongst which what is known as The Temple stands pre-eminent. But his greatest achievement at Hardwick was the building of the banquetting hall, which is stated to have cost fully £10,000. This great outlay, coupled with his previous prodigal expenditure was too much even for John Burdon to stand. He, therefore, retired into obscurity, and his later life is not generally known.

Coxhoe Hall was occupied at the beginning of the present century by Mr. Edward Mouldron Barrett, a gentleman of good means, whose family are stated



to have sprung from South Lancashire, though he himself was born in Jamaica. Mr. Barrett, having married Miss Mary Clarke, of Newcastle, set about building a new residence in Herefordshire, and, in the

Mr. Wood's removal from the North, he was succeeded in the occupation of Coxhoe Hall by his son, Mr. W. H. Wood, to whose courtesy and kindness we are indebted, not only for the illustrations we here give, but for such notes of the history of the hall as have come down to the present time.

With such an uneventful period of her life as her first three years must have been, it is scarcely surprising that few (if any, indeed) of the present dwellers retain any recollection of Elizabeth Barrett. Indeed, the tenancy of Coxhoe Hall was of so short a duration, and is so far distant, that all memory of the Barretts appears to have been obliterated. There is, however, a scanty record of the poetess furnished by the parish register. This is a jumbled up and somewhat puzzling book, written throughout apparently by the skilled hands of the clerk of the parish, each page being duly certified at the bottom by the vicar and his curate. It is now under the immediate care of the Rev. Canon Burnet, the present rector of Kelloe. From this volume we glean the fact that Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett was born on the 6th of March, 1806, and from some cause or other—"no doubt," as Mr. Browning

says, "on account of the infant's uncertain condition of health"—was privately baptised by the then vicar, the Rev. George Stephenson, at Coxhoe Hall. Thus she was only "admitted to the church" on the oc-

meantime, whilst this work was being completed, he took up his residence at Coxhoe Hall. This was in 1805, and on March 6th, 1806, his first child, Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett, was born; on the 26th June, 1807, his second child, Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett, was born; and about the commencement of the year 1809, the family removed to their Herefordshire home, and all connexion with the North ceased.

The hall appears to have stood tenantless for some years after the departure of the Barretts. About thirty years ago, however, it was purchased by Mr. Thomas Wood, J.P. and D.L., now of Surrey, who will be well remembered in connection with mining engineering in the county of Durham, particularly in the South-East Coalfield, and who for some years discharged the onerous duties of chairman of the Finance Committee of the County Justices. Mr. Wood made many additions to the buildings of the hall. Most of them harmonise most thoroughly with the principal erections, while those that do not are so skilfully hidden out of sight that the visitor might well be excused for not observing their presence at all. On

casion of the baptism of her brother, Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett. The latter was born on June 26th,



The Long Walk,
Coxhoe Hall.



The Avenue, Coxhoe Hall.

1807, and his baptism at Kelloe Church took place on February 10th, 1808, Elizabeth being then two years old. The ceremony of "receiving" consists mainly of the reading of prayers, the presiding clergyman raising the "admitted one" over the font. From there being no signatures attached, and nothing but the entry of the facts in their briefest form, and in the same clerly hand that has made the entries both above and below, the register of Kelloe Church is only important as containing trace and proof of the residence in the district of the Barrett family. The record as it relates to Mrs. Browning reads thus—"Elizabeth Barrett Mouldron Barrett, first child of Edward Barrett Mouldron Barrett, Esq., of Coxhoe Hall, a native of St. Thomas's, Jamaica, by his wife, Mary, late Clarke, of Newcastle, born March 6th, 1806, and admitted February 10th, 1808."

Such are the few facts which connect Mrs. Browning with the county of Durham. The brother Edward here mentioned was drowned, and to his death is ascribed the first giving way of Mrs. Browning's health. Members of the Barrett family still survive, and one brother is a retired gentleman enjoying his ease and old age in the Isle of Wight.

The parish church at Kelloe, in which Mrs. Browning was "admitted," is a low, barnlike-looking building externally, apparently built at different periods, and looking anything but a "thing of beauty" in a landscape that decidedly requires all the adornments that can be bestowed upon it to make it presentable. The Rev. George Stephenson, mentioned above, was the rector of Thomas's Church, Bishopwearmouth, from which he went to Kelloe. Mr. Stephenson was succeeded in his Sunderland living by the Rev. Mr. Skipsey, who in turn was succeeded by the Rev. W. R. Burnet, M.A. The latter gentleman will be remembered in connection with St. Thomas's Church, Newcastle, to the chaplaincy of which (minus the Mastership of the Hospital for Lepers, which was conferred on the vicar, the Rev. Clement Moody) he was appointed on the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Pilkington. Mr. Burnet was made an honorary canon of Durham Cathedral in 1883, and four years ago he was presented by the Bishop of Durham with the vicarage of Kelloe.

It is to Mr. Burnet's researches that the public is indebted for solving the mystery of Mrs. Browning's birth-place, concerning which there had been much speculation among persons interested in literary history. Mr. Browning could throw little light on the subject, and it has even been asserted that Mrs. Browning herself was unaware of the place of her birth. The disclosures of the parish register at Kelloe, however, have for ever set that question at rest.

Men of Mark Twiſt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

George Carr,

ELEVEN TIMES MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE.



FOR more than five hundred years, in every department of public usefulness, the vast and far-spreading family of Carr have given to the Northern Counties men of mark—men distinguished by activity of intellect, firmness of purpose, and probity of character. It is not proposed in these series of biographies to notice them all; the attempt would exhaust both writer and reader. Still less is it proposed to try and link the various branches of the family together, and trace their common descent; the effort would end in lunacy. It must be sufficient to account for two or three of the principal men who have carried the family name into honourable positions, and leave the rest to be hunted up in the rich pastures of local history.

George Carr, whose name heads the list of Newcastle worthies bearing his name, is supposed to have been a son of Alan Carr, who was sheriff of the town in the municipal year 1451-52. He came to the shrievalty himself at Michaelmas, 1472, but he won corporate honours far exceeding those of his predecessor, or any other of his race. He was Mayor of Newcastle no fewer than eleven times, and most of his mayoralties were marked by important events in history. Thus, during his first term of office, the Duke of Gloucester (soon to be Richard III.) came down to the North of England and obtained the cession of Berwick, which had been held by the Scots for over twenty years. In his second mayoralty the battle of Bosworth Field, ending the usurpation of Richard and the Wars of the Roses together, brought peace to the country, and he had the honour of proclaiming, or assisting in proclaiming, the accession of Henry VII. When he was in office for the fourth time, the King himself came to Newcastle, and stayed here for some days, receiving courtly attentions from the Mayor and his brethren, giving grants, making appointments, and endeavouring to compose some of the ever-recurring disputes with Scotland. In his fifth mayoralty the town obtained the privilege of holding a fair on the feast of St. Luke—a privilege which, under the name of the October Fair, has continued down to our own day. Finally, he was the mayor who, being in office for the eleventh and last time, received the Princess Margaret in Newcastle, as she journeyed North to her marriage with James IV. of Scotland, the king who fought and died at Flodden.

The 23rd of the said month (July, 1503) the queen

[princess] departed from Durham, accompanied of her noble company, as she had been in the days past, in fair manner and good order, for to come to the town of Newcastle. . . . At the entering of the said town of Newcastle the queen appointed her, and entered in noble estate. . . . Upon the bridge came in procession, richly re-vested, the college of the said town, and with them the Friars, Carmelites, and Jacobins, with the crosses, the which were given to the said queen to kiss, as before, by the archbishop. And after them was the mayor of the said town, accompanied of the sheriffs and aldermen, well appointed, on foot. The which received the said queen honourably, and after the receiving, the said mayor mounted on horseback, bearing his mace before her. . . . The 26th of the said month, the said queen departed from the said place, after the custom precedent, very richly and in fair array. And the said mayor conveyed her out of the said town, and after took leave of her.

Shortly after this imposing ceremony was over it is probable that George Carr died. The date of his decease has not been preserved, but that it was anterior to 1506 is proved by a grant to Ralph Wicklyff, in that year, of the wardship and marriage of Ralph Carr, "kinsman and heir of George Carr." He was buried under a canopied altar tomb, which, placed below the two southern mullions of the great east window, was for many years one of the ornaments of St. Nicholas'. Upon this stately tomb the effigies of himself and his wife, with upraised hands, reposed, and over them rose the arched canopy, while around ran an inscription beseeching the prayers of the faithful for the soul of the departed and those of his wife and children, and directing the clergy to perform the customary masses.

During the civil wars, the tomb was mutilated, and in 1783, when the church was "restored," the remains of it were sold by auction. Alderman Hornby, an antiquary of that date, purchased parts of the monument, and set them up, with other relics of the past, in the garden which ran sloping down to the Carliol Croft and the Manors from behind his house in Pilgrim Street. To his pious care we owe the preservation of the decapitated effigy of Mrs. Carr, now in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, and the footstone of the monument, with its representation of the Rood, which finds appropriate location in the south aisle of St. Nicholas' Cathedral.

Cuthbert Carr,

ONE OF THE DEFENDERS OF NEWCASTLE.

Foremost among the intrepid defenders of Newcastle at the terrible siege of 1644, was Captain Cuthbert Carr. He was a young man of only five-and-twenty, but he came of a warlike race—the Carrs of Wark-on-Tweed, and of Ford Castle, and he conducted himself heroically. Weakened by watching and exposure, he did the duty assigned to him; fighting against "fearful odds," he covered himself with honour on the blackest day that ever dawned upon Newcastle.

John Carr, captain of Wark Castle, whose daring exploits upon the Borders lightened the task of the

English armies in the Scottish expeditions of Edward VI., had by his second wife, Isabella, daughter of Humphrey and Margery Carr, of Newcastle, a son named Cuthbert. To this lad came the misfortune of losing both his parents very early in life, and the good fortune of being sent to his grand-parents in Newcastle to be brought up. By them he was bound apprentice to Cuthbert Ellison, merchant adventurer, and before he was out of his time he had fallen in love with Barbara Ellison, his master's daughter. His suit was apparently approved, for in 1563, while he was still serving under indentures, the consent of the Merchants' Company was sought and given to his marriage. The wedding did not, however, take place till seven years afterwards, when the bridegroom had entered into some property—tithes at Benton, tenements at Benwell, &c., bequeathed to him by his father, and various lands, tenements, leases, &c., left to him by his maternal grandfather.

From the union thus auspiciously effected came two sons, John and James, and two daughters. John died unmarried, and James succeeded to the family estates. Sometime about the beginning of the seventeenth century James sold the property at Benwell and purchased the beautiful estate of St. Helen's Auckland, in the adjoining county. Upon the fertile lands of St. Helen's he erected the fine, many-gabled mansion which still exists there. At St. Helen's he would probably reside during the summer, returning to Newcastle, like the majority of the local gentry, for purposes of social intercourse during the winter. His family consisted of two sons and a daughter—Robert, Cuthbert, and Barbara. It was Cuthbert, his second son, who was the hero of the siege.

Cuthbert Carr, son of James, was born in 1619, and it is probable that the event occurred at the Newcastle home of his father on the Sandhill. When he was eleven years old, in the municipal year 1630-31, his father filled the important office of Sheriff of Newcastle. Five years later, on the occasion of the marriage of his sister Barbara to a son of Sir George Tonge, the family residence was the scene of that famous quarrel between John Blakiston and Vicar Alvey, with which the North-Country rang for months, and the High Commission Court of Durham occupied itself for years. When his father died, in 1638, the estate at St. Helen's Auckland went to his brother Robert, and he was left to make his way in the world with the portion of a younger son. Shortly afterwards (about 1640) he married Anne, daughter of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Peter Riddell.

The story of the Scottish invasion, and the outbreak of Civil War, need not be retold. It is sufficient for the purpose of this narrative to relate the part that Cuthbert Carr played in the dismal proceedings. He had been elected Sheriff of the town at Michaelmas, 1643, and it was within four months of his appointment that the tragedy began. On the 3rd of February, 1644, the Scots appeared before the walls, and sending to the Mayor and

aldermen a letter from the committee of both kingdoms, requested a parley. Cuthbert Carr's name as Sheriff is attached to the memorable answer which the town gave to this portentous missive, declining "to betray a trust reposed in us, or forfeit our Allegiance to His Majesty, for whose honour and preservation, together with the Religion and Lawes of this Kingdome, we intend to hazard our Lives and Fortunes." In August, the town was closely invested, and on the 14th October, Lesley, Lord Leven, demanded its surrender. Cuthbert Carr, relieved a few days before from the trammels of the Shrievalty, and in command of a company of foot which had charge of the defences at the New Gate, was one of those who signed the reply, "We keep this town for the use of his Majesty . . . yet that you and all the world may see we desire to shunne the effusion of Christian blood, we desire you to send us in writing upon what terms and conditions you would have us deliver up the Towne, and then we shall return you a further Answer." Leven replied by desiring that hostages might be appointed from either side to treat for the surrender, and, after some further correspondence, it was agreed that three representatives of the Scottish army should enter the town to arrange a treaty, and that three prominent townsmen should go into the Scottish camp as hostages for their safety. The hostages appointed were "Collonell Charles Brandling, Lievtenant-Coll. Thomas Davieson, and Capt. Cuthbert Carr, late Sheriffe, of Newca." Nothing came of the interview, and on the following morning, October 19, Leven ordered a general assault to be made. One of the fiercest struggles of that memorable day occurred at the place where Cuthbert Carr was stationed. A breach, capable of admitting ten men abreast, had been effected at an earlier period of the siege near St. Andrew's Church, but Captain Carr and his men had repaired it "with timber and rubbish under a canvas screen." Against this weakened spot five regiments were ordered to make a desperate assault and force an entrance. The young captain fought desperately. Four Scottish officers—Lieutenant-Colonel Home, Major Hepburn, and Captains Home and Corbet—were slain in the attempt, and still Captain Carr held his own. But the Scots, entering the town by the White Friar Tower and Sandgate, came to the assistance of their fellows, and the brave captain, "encompassed before and behind," was obliged to surrender.

What became of this gallant cavalier during the Commonwealth cannot be ascertained. He was one of the twenty-eight Newcastle Royalists who, by resolution of the House of Commons, on Tuesday, the 19th November following, were to be sent up to London as delinquents. Whether this order was obeyed in his case, and how much he paid to compound for his delinquency, are not recorded. We know from the Herald's Visitation, that soon after the storming of Newcastle he lost his wife, and that he was married about the year 1650 to

Clare, second daughter of Christopher Byerley, of Midridge Grange. The probability is, therefore, that he made his peace with Parliament at an early stage of the Civil War, and lived in retirement while the Commonwealth lasted.

But as soon as the Restoration was effected, Cuthbert Carr, like other ardent supporters of the royal cause, resumed his place in the public life of the Northern Counties. His brother Robert had died unmarried, and he inherited the St. Helen's Auckland and other family property; he was made an alderman of Newcastle; admitted to his freedom in the Mercers' branch of the Merchants' Company of that town; appointed a justice of the peace for the County of Durham; and created Lieut.-Colonel of Militia. As a justice he received the sworn information of the rascal Ellington, who invented the "Muggleswick Conspiracy"; as Lieut.-Colonel he put himself at the head of the tenants and the surrounding gentry, in order to put down the "conspirators." How utterly he and the local authorities were misled by Ellington is matter of history.

Futile efforts had been made in the closing years of the reign of King James I. to secure a representation of the County of Durham in Parliament. That which James had refused, the Commonwealth granted, and, for a short time, Durham had three members—two for the county, and one for the city. The return of the King and the Bishops put an end to the arrangement. Faithful as Cuthbert Carr had been to Crown and Church, he could not brook this denial of the just claims of his fellow freeholders to be represented in the great council of the nation. On the 3rd of October, 1666, he, and ten others, presented a memorial to the Quarter Sessions, praying that Parliament should be asked to grant the County of Durham knights and burgesses to represent them "like all other counties in the kingdom." The majority of the justices approved of the proposal, and appointed two of their number to proceed to London for the purpose of furthering the movement. Bishop Cosin set himself in violent opposition to the scheme, and used all the art and the influence which he possessed to defeat it. His correspondence ("Surtees Society's Publications," vol. 55) shows that he regarded Mr. Carr as the ring-leader in the affair, for he alternately begged and warned him to desist from the prosecution of the enterprise. Mr. Carr, however, was not a man to be deterred, even by his bishop. He persevered, and lived to see his exertions rewarded. Bishop Cosin died in 1671, and in 1673, while the see was vacant, a measure for accomplishing the object upon which Mr. Carr had set his heart ran smoothly through both Houses, and received the Royal assent within a month of its introduction.

Born in the reign of the first Stuart who wore the English Crown, Cuthbert Carr lived to see two sovereigns of that dynasty driven from their thrones, and their cause, the cause for which in his youth he had fought and

suffered, die out of the hearts of his fellow-countrymen—lived to see the Prince of Orange firmly seated in their place, the power and prerogative of the monarchy restricted within constitutional limits, and the rights and liberties of the people settled upon a safe and durable basis. In the ninth year of King William's reign, on the 18th of December, 1697, at the good old age of 79, he was called to his rest, and a few days later, within the fine old church of St. Helen's, Auckland, in front of the altar at which he worshipped, he was buried.

John Carr,

MAGAZINE WRITER.

Whosoever peruses the volumes of the *Newcastle Magazine* and amuses himself with scientific contributions by Dr. Hutton and the Rev. William Turner, locomotive controversies between Nicholas Wood and Benjamin Thompson, and poetic effusions from the pens of the three Roberts—Gilchrist, White, and Storey, will find there a long series of essays, poems, and notes signed "J. C., Alnwick." Dealing with a great variety of subjects, scientific, historical, and social, these effusions are written in various styles, heroic, descriptive, and humorous, indicating a versatile and many-sided writer, one who in our own day would be designated "a good all-round man." The owner of the initials was John Carr, of Alnwick. Tate, in his history of that town, states that Mr. Carr was born there in 1758. He was an officer of the Inland Revenue, and, being active and energetic, was frequently entrusted with important and responsible duties, the successful performance of which procured for him substantial rewards, as well as promotion in the service. He settled in Alnwick some time about 1810, and built for his private residence the mansion of Bondgate Hall, to which he added the estate of Heckley Fence. For many years he took a prominent part in the public movements of the town, and being liberal in politics and a fluent and vigorous speaker, he rendered good service in the struggles which preceded the passing of the Reform Bill, and was at all times an influential advocate of progress and improvement. Noting his contributions to the *Newcastle Magazine*, the historian describes him as a man of great ability and varied knowledge—a poet, biographer, essayist, and philosopher. He wrote on the "Structure of the Earth," the "Natural History of Birds," a "Theory of Old Age in Natural Bodies," the "Existence of Geological Phenomena in Proof of the General Deluge," the "Origin and Final Discharge of Lakes, &c.," "New Weights and Measures," and other subjects of a kindred nature. The most remarkable of his productions is entitled "Confessions of a Whisky Drinker"—a series of smuggling scenes and adventures in the Cheviots, described with graphic force and humour. Mr. Carr

died on the 11th of September, 1851, at the venerable age of 93 years, leaving one daughter, married to Edward Clavering, of Callaly.

The Rev. George Carr,

EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN IN EDINBURGH.

Bourne, writing in 1732 about the Virgin Mary Hospital of Newcastle, and the Royal Free Grammar School held therein, adds—

The present Master of the School is the Rev. Mr. Edmund Lodge, who has under him two Ushers, the Rev. Mr. James Ferne and the Rev. Mr. George Carr. The three last-mentioned Gentlemen have each of them Apartments where the Hospital was; which is a pleasing Situation, and in some of the best air of this Town.

"The Rev. Mr. George Carr" was a native of Newcastle, where he was born on the 16th February, 1704. To which of the numerous branches of the family he belonged is not clear, but his friends occupied a position which enabled them to send him to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He succeeded Richard Stewardson as an under-usher of the Grammar School in 1726, and so continued until 1737, when having, meanwhile, obtained his M.A.



Reverend Mr. George Carr.

degree, he was appointed senior clergyman of the Episcopal Chapel founded by Lord Chief Baron Smith in Edinburgh. In that place of worship he ministered for thirty-nine years. Like Dean Ramsay, in later days, he occupied a prominent position among the cultured society of Modern Athens, and formed friendships with some of the most eminent men of his time. Among them was Sir William Forbes, who, in his "Life of Dr. Beattie," has recorded a warm appreciation of his

friend's abilities and pulpit gifts. It was he who took Dr. Johnson and Boswell to hear Mr. Carr preach, when Johnson, being deaf, "did not attend to the sermon," and he it was who, after Mr. Carr's death in 1776, published a selection of his sermons, and with the aid of Dr. Beattie and Mr. Arbuthnot, wrote the epitaph for a marble tablet which the congregation erected to his memory.

Sir William's estimate of Mr. Carr's character and capabilities is clear and candid; and as it contains all that has been preserved about an able and accomplished Novocastrian, who honoured his native town, and was never long absent from it, some liberty of quotation may with advantage be taken. After stating that he had sat for three and twenty years under Mr. Carr's ministry, Sir William proceeds:—

Of his merit as a preacher his posthumous discourses bear ample testimony. They do not, indeed, contain the profound, though somewhat abstracted, reasonings of Butler, nor the laboured but elegant discussions of Sherlock, neither the learning of Tillotson, nor the declamation of Seed; but they exhibit the most useful and important truths of the Gospel, not only with plainness and perspicuity, but in language always elegant, and seldom incorrect. I may even go farther, and add that Mr. Carr's style often rises into eloquence; and that in its general features, of plainness without vulgarity, of earnestness without bombast, in its equal distance from obscurity and from useless amplification, it exhibits no common model of that sober and chastened eloquence which ought ever to be studied in discourses of the pulpit. . . . Every word he uttered, every doctrine he taught, every virtue he recommended, came strongly enforced by the purity of his morals, and the exemplary piety of his blameless life. With all the good breeding of a gentleman, he was a cheerful, entertaining companion; and though his manners were most irreproachable, they had no tincture of either rigour or austerity. His patient suffering under the most excruciating tortures of the gout, with which, though extremely temperate, he had been for many years violently afflicted, was most exemplary. . . . In this heavenly frame of mind he continued faithfully to discharge the duties of his sacred function, calmly looking for, but not soliciting, his dissolution, until the morning of Sunday, the 18th August, 1776, when, after having selected the discourse which he meant that day to deliver from the pulpit, he suddenly expired.

Dr. Beattie, in a letter to Sir William, dated Peterhead, September 10, 1776, bears similar testimony:—

I am no stranger to Mr. Carr's character, whose death, though I had not the honour of his acquaintance, was a real affliction to me, for I have long considered him as one of the most valuable men of the age. I have heard him preach, and admired his gentle and pathetic eloquence. But to his merits as a preacher, great as they were, the lustre of his private character was still superior. The death of such a man is a real loss to society.

Mr. Carr was buried beneath the portico of his chapel. Arnot, in his "History of Edinburgh," refers to the interment as a proof of the progress which the Scots were making in toleration. They could behold without emotion, he remarked, even the funeral service of the Church of England performed publicly, for at the burial of Mr. Carr the service was sung, and the voices were accompanied by the organ, and nobody made a disturbance.

William Carr, M.P.,

RESTORER OF THE WALKER ESTATE.

Four members of the family of Carr have represented Newcastle in the House of Commons. The first of them to be so honoured was Alderman William Carr, of Newcastle and Cocken, great-grandson of George Carr, the oft-elected Mayor. He was returned in 1571 to the third Parliament of Queen Elizabeth, and died the following year. A century later Sir Ralph Carr, who had purchased Cocken from another member of the race, and received the honour of knighthood at Whitehall in 1676, was sent to represent his fellow-burgesses as colleague of the first Sir William Blackett. He sat in the Parliaments of 1679, 1681 (missing that of James II. in 1685), 1689, and 1690, and died in 1709, aged 76. His colleague in his last election was another William Carr, who continued to represent the town for twenty years, from 1690 (the first Parliament of William and Mary) to 1710. On this last-named date he was defeated by William Wrightson, and retired into private life. Sir William Blackett (No. 3) and Mr. Wrightson occupied the seats through two subsequent Parliaments, but in 1722, when they sought a renewal of confidence, a third William Carr came forward to oppose them. He was, it is supposed, a son of William Carr, of Coxlodge, and nephew of Sir Ralph, and he carried all before him. The burgesses were at this time in a difficulty about their Walker estate, which had been forfeited to the Crown; they were dissatisfied with the ineffectual efforts which Sir William Blackett and Mr. Wrightson had made to obtain its restoration; and they determined to try the effect of a change. Mr. Carr was elected by a majority of 403 over Mr. Wrightson, and overtopped by 76 votes Sir William Blackett. To understand the circumstances under which the victory was won, and appreciate the services which this Mr. Carr rendered to the town, it is necessary to roll back the page of municipal history.

Forty years before the election the Common Council appropriated a piece of ground in the Manors, formerly belonging to the Augustine Monastery, for the erection of a hospital, and when it was finished the institution was duly incorporated by a name which the exigencies of space and time have contracted into that of the Jesus Hospital. To endow this charitable foundation they bought of Sir Ralph Carr, in 1683, for £700, a house and garden in the Close (the same which, it is said, subsequently became the Mansion House), an estate at Etherley, for which they paid £1,610, and another at Whittle, near Shilbottle, costing £1,300. In 1715, they acquired by purchase from the executors of William Dickenson, of Walton Abbey, Yorkshire, the manor and lordship of Walker, for which they paid £12,220, and, being desirous to sell the land at Etherley and Whittle, which realised only £80 a year, and to settle upon the hospital in lieu thereof a portion of the Walker estate of the annual value of £185, they petitioned the House of

Lords in 1718 for the necessary powers. It was then discovered that the Walker estate had been purchased without license from the Crown, in violation of the Statute of Mortmain, and that it was forfeit to the king. Thus at one stroke the burgesses lost £12,220, for every shilling of the money had been paid out of the town's treasury within a few months from the date of the purchase.

What was to be done? The Corporation, being in want of funds, sold for £3,810 Etherley to Francis Johnson, and Whittle to John Clutterbuck; at the same time they disposed of an estate at East Heddon for £6,000, and applied the proceeds of the three sales to their common stock. The hospital was therefore in danger of exhaustion, for, the endowment gone, no funds remained out of which to keep the poor brethren and sisters, unless the Crown could be induced to relax its hold upon Walker, or the Corporation to pay the whole cost out of the municipal revenues. An appeal was made to the Crown, but Sir William Blackett was not in favour at Court, for he had been strongly suspected of sympathy in the Rebellion; Mr. Wrightson does not seem to have possessed much influence either. Thus the matter remained in abeyance until after the election of 1722, when Mr. Carr, flushed by his success at the poll, devoted all his energies to obtain a condonation of the technical error which the Corporation had committed. Eventually his efforts were rewarded. The king, by letters patent, dated the 13th December, 1723, pardoned the offence, and granted license to the Mayor and burgesses to hold the manor in mortmain for ever.

At Michaelmas the following year the delighted electors honoured Mr. Carr by appointing him to be Mayor, but after that, for some reason or other, his popularity declined. At the election of 1727 he was opposed by Nicholas Fenwick, and left at the bottom of the poll, Sir William Blackett being at the top. He petitioned against the return, alleging bribery and coercion, but the death of Sir William ended the proceedings and gave him the seat. Seven years later (he had been Mayor again meanwhile) there was a memorable struggle for the Parliamentary honours of Newcastle. Four candidates, all of them aldermen of the town, went to the poll, and once more Mr. Carr was at the bottom. He petitioned, as before, and died while the matter was under investigation, on the 16th May, 1742.

A satirical pamphlet published at a later election by the Rev. James Murray, with the title of "The Contest," and the motto "Give the Devil his Due," affords a clue to the cause of Mr. Carr's fading popularity. It seems to have been entirely political. He was a politician of a different colour to that of Sir Walter Blackett, against whose kingly rule in Newcastle it was hard at that time to contend. Sir Walter belonged to the Tory or Country party, Mr. Carr was of the Whig or Court party, and

these two factions fought as vigorously for supremacy then as Liberal and Conservative politicians do to-day. Mr. Murray tells us that

Mr. Carr, the ancient opponent of Sir Walter Blackett, was equally amiable in parts and private life with the baronet, though, perhaps, his inferior in fortune. He had been, and was, a staunch friend to the house of Hanover, and to support it voted for the erroneous but fearful and perhaps well intended measures of the Whigs—septennial parliaments and the general excise; both were disagreeable to the people, and justly so too, and in consequence lost Mr. Carr his popularity. Be it remembered Mr. Carr gave Walker estate to the burgesses of Newcastle, for which kindness they, with the good Sir Walter's help, turned him out of his seat in Parliament. . . . Sir Walter Blackett's popularity rose on the ruins of Mr. Carr's.

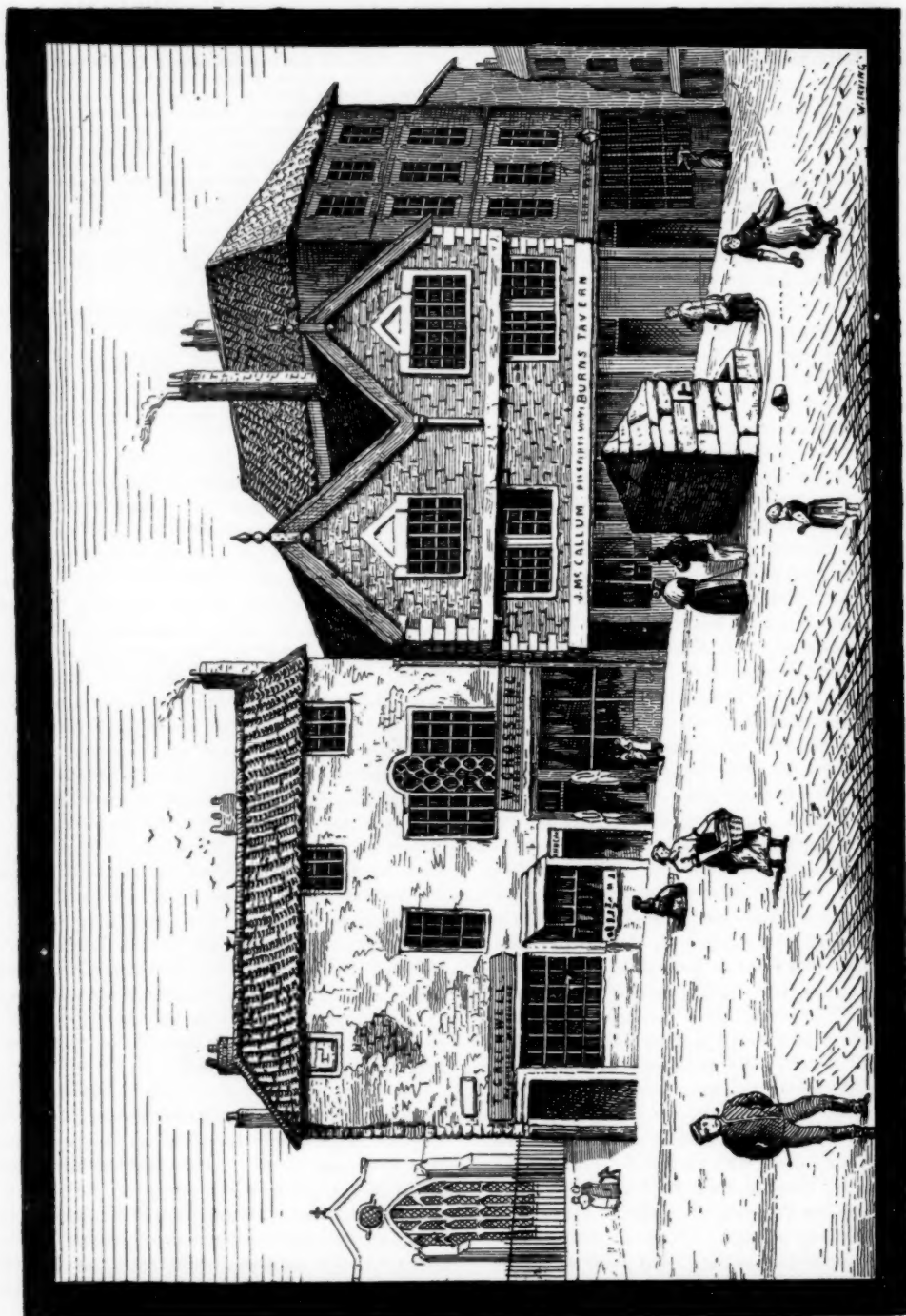
The Streets of Newcastle.

The Side.



CONTRAST between ancient and modern Newcastle suggests itself somewhat strikingly in the neighbourhood of the Side. On the one hand we have a handsome Post Office, and some very fine commercial buildings worthy of any business town; on the other we have the Black Gate, the Castle Keep, and the ancient thoroughfare itself. The Head of the Side can hardly be called "ancient" now, though. It has been modernised very much in recent years. We have no longer the old familiar Amen Corner; it has been pulled down, and a new pile erected on its site which bears the name of St. Nicholas' Chambers. For ourselves, we liked the old word better. In the accompanying view, which represents the Head of the Side as it was in 1876 (and which is copied from a photograph by Mr. Philip Fairclough, of 30, Scotswood Road, Newcastle), the shop of T. Greenwell occupies the well-remembered corner. The present Bishop of Durham, when speaking in the Guildhall a few years ago, made a point out of the fact that he, Joseph Barber Lightfoot, had reason to feel somewhat at home in Newcastle, inasmuch as the relative after whom he had been named in baptism had been in business here for many years of his life. It was at Amen Corner that Joseph Barber kept his bookseller's shop.

Look to the right hand of our picture and observe the tall house there. All the houses between it and St. Nicholas' Churchyard, including the Burns Tavern, have now disappeared. But the tall building, known as the Meters' Arms, is still standing. And it is the most famous house in the neighbourhood; for it is the birthplace of Admiral Collingwood. Some doubt existed on the subject at one time; but the point was effectually settled in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* a few years ago by the present owner himself, Mr. John Harvey, tobacco manufacturer. The premises were sold by



HEAD OF THE SIDE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1876.

From Photo, by Philip Fairclough.

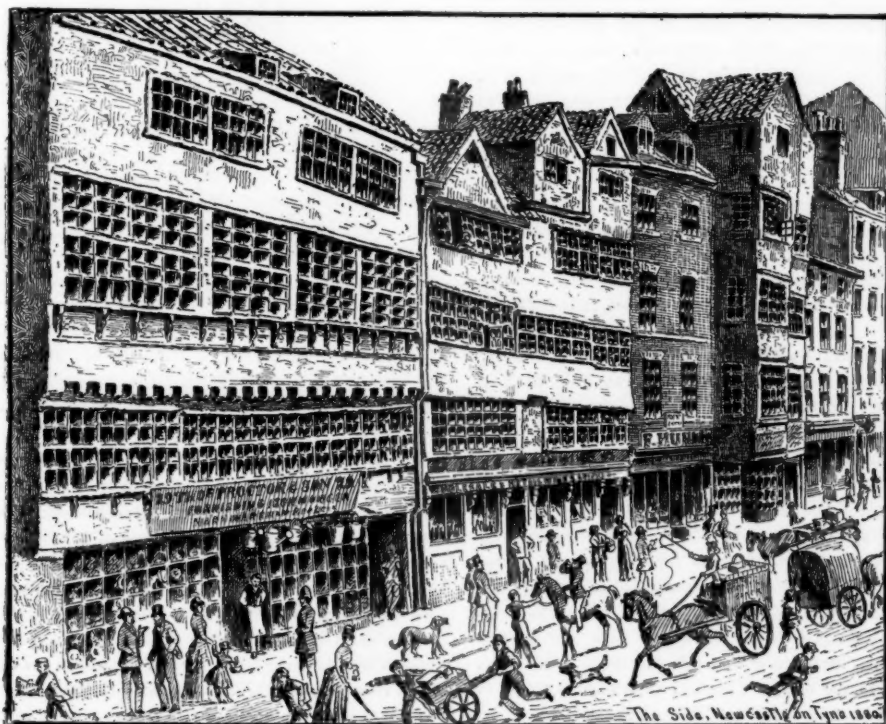
Milcah Collingwood, the admiral's mother, to Mr. Harvey's grandfather.

In this neighbourhood, let us not forget that ancient and honourable institution—the Farden Pant. We may laugh at the suggestion in these days of drinking-fountains, coffee taverns, and so on. But the Farden Pant was an institution even within living memory. Remember that, far into the present century, these fountains were the only means of supplying the inhabitants with water for common purposes. Some two hundred years ago, "loud complaints were made of a total scarcity of water, owing to the vast numbers of private families having pipes and cocks in their houses." In consequence, "the common council ordered the cocks to be stopped, or cut off." Various attempts were made at different times to ensure a constant supply of good water to the town, but they were more or less failures. At one time taps were placed at different parts of the town, and guardians were appointed to look after the money charged for each "skeelful." They had wooden boxes provided for them, had these custodians of the necessary element, wherein, at times, they peacefully slumbered and slept; but at other hours they must have had enough to do. The taps, or pants, became crowded at certain hours of the day. Many a row there used to be in the neighbourhood

of the pant at the Head of the Side in our grandmothers' time!

The Side itself is one of the most ancient thoroughfares in Newcastle. No sooner had Hadrian built Tyne Bridge than a stream of passengers began to flow from the Head of the Side to his viaduct; and the current still continues its course, now that the Hydraulic Swing occupies the place of the Roman roadway over the river. Let us see what our local historians have to say about the venerable street, as it has pursued its devious path, from churchyard to bridge, through successive generations, undergoing vicissitudes so great as to place its early and later years in marked contrast.

First comes William Gray, who wrote his book in the seventeenth century—a public-spirited burgess. Proprietor of a conduit in Pandon Bank, he was in 1647 entering into an agreement with the Corporation concerning the water to be conveyed from thence to Sandgate. Gray's "Chorographia" was printed in the year 1649. In this small quarto of a few precious pages we read:—"Neer the Sandhill East is Allhallows' Banck, or Butchers' Banck (where most butchers dwell), the way to Allhallows' Church; the south of which is many chaires or lanes that goeth down to the Key side. Next up street is the street called the Side. In the lower part



of it standeth a faire crosse, with columnes of stone hewn, [the roof] covered with lead, where is sold milk, eggs, butter. In the Side is shops for merchants, drapers, and other traders. In the middle of the Side is an ancient stone house, an appendix to the Castle, which in former times belonged to the Lord Lumleys before the Castle was built, or at least coſtany with the Castle." An interleaved copy of the "Chorographia" has here a manuscript note to the effect that the "stone house" stood at the "Head of the Side."

After Gray comes the Curate of All Saints' (or All-hallows'), Henry Bourne, with his "folio book"—a folio which he had not the privilege to behold. He died in the year 1733; and in the latter days of 1735 the publication of his history was announced. Describing the Side as he had traversed it from day to day, stretching downwards from St. Nicholas' Church to Allhallows' (or Butcher) Bank, he says, beginning at the summit, "This street is, from the Head of it, to the Stairs on the left hand, a very great descent, and lies narrow until you come to the middle of it, from which place it opens in a spacious breadth, and so continues to the Sandhill. It is from the one end to the other filled with shops of merchants, goldsmiths, milliners, upholsterers, &c. The East side of the street, from the upper part of it to Allhallows' Pant, was called Cordiner or Cordwainer Rave."

Bourne is followed by Brand, whose quarto volumes appeared in the year 1789. It was in this year that Mosley Street was constructed, and that Dean Street entered the Side, breaking its continuity. "From the head of the street called the Side, to about the middle of it, there is," the historian observes, "a very steep descent. The name is plainly derived from the circumstance of its being erected on the side of a hill." "There is a postern, called the Eastern Postern of the Castle, that communicated by a very narrow and steep flight of steps with the Side, a little above the middle of the street"; and also, "a little above on the opposite side," is a descent "by a small flight of stairs into a short, narrow lane, communicating with the bottom of the street called Painter Heugh." "At the north side of Lork Burn, near the Sandhill, stood the Cale Cross." Richardson's "Table Book" contains a sketch of the original Cale or Kale Cross, taken from a unique drawing in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland. It is this sketch which is reproduced here.

Mackenzie, commencing his description where "the north angle of the Sandhill opens into the Side," endorses the derivation of Brand:—"The name is plainly derived from the circumstance of its being erected on the side of a hill." Others, however, have inclined to a different conjecture. They are disposed to the conclusion that from Sidgate to the foot of the Side, the Lort or Lork Burn, meandering through the town to the Tyne, gave rise to the name. Side and Quayside they suppose to have a kindred meaning. Who shall say?

"The lower part of the street," continues Mackenzie, "was anciently divided by the Lork Burn, up which the river flowed. The east side was called the Flesher Raw, probably because the fleshers, or butchers, had their shops there, as well as on the Butcher Bank. The west part bore the name of the Side. But in the year 1696 Lork Burn was arched at the top, and paved over, so as to form one street, which has since been called the Side. When the present width of this part of the street is considered, the space that the runner of dirty water would occupy, and the heavy projections with which the houses were disfigured, of which specimens still remain, we cannot entertain a very high idea of the taste of our forefathers for convenience and comfort."

Pursuing his upward course, the historian of 1827 passes "the middle of the Side," where "the ascent becomes very steep"; and "this, added to its extreme narrowness,



CALE CROSS.

and the dingy houses on each side, projecting in terrific progression, rendered the passage inconceivably gloomy and dangerous. Yet, before the erection of Dean Street, it formed the principal communication with the higher parts of the town. It was mostly inhabited by cheesemongers, and dealers in bacon, butter, &c., whose goods were here kept cool, and effectually protected from the rays of the sun. The Corporation lately purchased most of the houses on the west side, which were pulled down, and rebuilt in the modern style. The street is now considerably widened; but a few old houses on the east side still remain to attest its ancient appearance."

Large and manifold are the changes which have come

over the venerable street from generation to generation. Our patient annalist, Sykes, informs us, with characteristic exactitude, that, on the 17th of May, 1784 [when the Low Bridge was still standing over the dene], workmen began to pull down the houses which formed an angle between the Foot of the Side and the Sandhill, nearly opposite to the Foot of the Butcher Bank, for the purpose of widening the very narrow and dangerous turning." Narrow, indeed, it must have been; for in our own day it had to be widened still more.

Time has ever been transforming the Side. Within about the last century it has been invaded by Dean Street—spanned by the Railway Arch on massive piers—and altered in various ways, year by year, from the Head to the Foot. Yet some of its gabled roofs still survive, as may be seen by consulting the sketch on page 313.

Since our sketch was taken, however, the houses in the centre of the picture have been replaced by modern structures. The building on the left, which still remains, is owned by Messrs. Thomas Proctor and Son, wholesale ironmongers. There is in the back premises of Messrs Proctor's shop an interesting old doorway which antiquaries and other competent authorities aver has been an entrance to an earlier erection that fronted the street before the Lort Dene was filled up. Behind, but almost on a level with the top floor of the front building, is the backyard, accessible only after a tough climb up many stairs! A very curious situation, truly, but it must be stated that a steep hill, crowned by the Moot Hall, rises from immediately behind.

For other views of the Side, see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, pages 80, 81.

The Threepwood Case.

MR. WILLIAM BEWICKE, of Threepwood Hall, near Haydon Bridge, who died at his house on Friday, May 10, 1889, at the age of 64, was the victim of a strange miscarriage of justice some twenty-eight years ago.

Mr. Bewicke, a man of considerable property, ancient family, Herculean frame, and gentlemanly appearance, but unfortunately gifted with a violent temper, and of rather eccentric habits, thought proper, in the month of September, 1859, to take into custody the wife of a hind, named Shiel, on the charge of stealing potatoes. He first examined her in his own kitchen, then locked her up, and next morning sent her off to Hexham, in the custody of a county constable. The late Mr. John Grey, of Dilston, however, met the prisoner on the road, and, after hearing the charge, released her. About two months later, Mr. Bewicke, finding some of his apple trees wantonly injured, and suspecting that the woman had done it, had her arrested a second time. He purposed making her walk to Haydon Bridge, to the

police station there; but her husband attempted to rescue her, brandishing his stick, and threatening to knock Mr. Bewicke down. After some altercation, he insisted on his wife not walking, saying, "Nancy, make them ride thee." So Mr. Bewicke put her in a dung cart, secured with handcuffs, and thus took her to the police station. The husband followed by train. Arriving at Haydon Bridge, he also was given into custody, charged with attempting to rescue his better half; but the cautious policeman on duty refused to lock the pair up. Mr. Bewicke then sent them to Beaufront, but to no better purpose, for Mr. Cuthbert referred the constable to the Clerk of the Peace, who was not at home. The constable was thus in a fix. Not knowing what to do under the circumstances, he took them to an inn at Hexham for the night, and next day brought them back to their own door, where he set them free. A day or two afterwards Mr. Bewicke went to Hexham to attend the monthly meeting of magistrates, in order to have the charges investigated; but his brother justices pooh-poohed the affair, and, on his vowing emphatically that he would have a hearing, threatened to give him into custody himself.

The woman's husband subsequently brought an action against Mr. Bewicke, and recovered fifty pounds damages; and Lord Chancellor Cranworth struck the defendant's name off the magistrates' roll. Mr. Bewicke refused to pay the expenses incurred by his own solicitors, who consequently issued a writ against him.

On the morning of Thursday, the 10th of January, 1861, William Stainthorpe, sheriff's officer, Hexham, proceeded from that town to Threepwood Hall, with several followers, to execute this writ. When they reached the place, they found the doors closed. The master of the house held a parley with them from a window, and is said to have threatened to shoot them if they did not retire. The officers, however, took possession of the stables and cow-houses; and, in the afternoon, when Stainthorpe went away home, he left two of his men, named William Hutchinson and John Daglish, to keep watch and ward on the premises. Their lodging-place for the night was a cart-shed partly filled with hay. While they were lying nestled there, Mr. Bewicke called to them out of a closet window upstairs, asking them where they were, as he was going to shoot. One of them answered, "We are in the cart-shed; all right; fire away." Mr. Bewicke then fired, and the men afterwards swore that they heard a bullet whizz over their heads and strike the wall.

Mr. Bewicke, it should be stated, was very fond of fire-arms, and was in the habit of spending a considerable part of each day in firing his rifle, sometimes at a target set up in front of the house, and sometimes at two trees growing at a distance of fifty or sixty yards from the back of it. On this particular night, he had asked his housekeeper, Ann Lodge, to clean his rifle for him, as it seems was her wont. She reminded him that it was loaded, whereupon he took it to the closet window above mentioned,

and fired it off. The night passed away; Friday followed; and again the men slept in the shed. Saturday came, when Hutchinson was relieved. He went to Haydon Bridge, and there saw Dodd, one of the officers who had been at Threeewood on the Thursday morning. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Bewicke was apprehended by Mr. Stephenson, then superintendent of the county police, on a peace warrant, obtained without special reference to his firing at the bailiffs. On seeing the officers approaching the house, Mr. Bewicke came out in his dressing-gown and slippers, but with his loaded gun in his hand. The officers, four or five in number, rushed in upon him suddenly, wrenched the weapon out of his grasp, and threw him down. Yielding as soon as he saw it was vain to resist, he asked to be allowed to dress himself; but he was not allowed. He was handcuffed just as he was, bound down in a dogcart, and driven off to Hexham, ignorant, as yet, of the existence of any charge of having shot at Hutchinson and Daglish. On the following Monday, he was brought before the magistrates. Committed for trial, he was, on the 1st of March, at the Northumberland Spring Assizes, placed in the dock, before Mr. Justice Keating, charged with feloniously shooting at the two men in the cart-shed.

Unfortunately, Mr. Bewicke conducted his own defence. He protested against being tried by a common jury, alleging that he should be tried by his peers. This protest being disregarded, the trial went on. The bailiffs swore to the effect that they had been shot at, that a bullet had been picked up among the straw in the cart-shed, and that there was a mark on the wall behind which appeared to have been made by it. Further evidence was given as to previous threats that Mr. Bewicke would blow the men's brains out if they did not go away, and as to his daring them to enter his house on peril of their lives, d—ning their eyes, and using similar expressions with reference to Lord Palmerston, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn, the Sheriff and Under-Sheriff, and the Government and its agents generally, all round. Owing to the absence of counsel for the defence, and to the witnesses for the prosecution not being skilfully cross-examined, which, as it subsequently turned out, would have shown the existence of a wicked conspiracy against the prisoner, Mr. Bewicke was found guilty, but recommended to mercy on the ground of the excited state of his mind.

This verdict was returned on a Saturday, and on the Monday Mr. Bewicke was brought up for sentence. The usual question was put to him, and, in reply, he discredited the evidence of the bailiffs, and made an imputation of perjury against them. "I think it is very hard," said he, "for a gentleman to be convicted by such low, bad characters, all of whom have been either convicted or had accusations brought against them." On the evidence, however, he had been convicted, and his lordship passed

sentence, that he should be kept in penal servitude for the term of four years. "I appeal against this," said Mr. Bewicke; "it is infamous to send a gentleman—" "With which remark," said the newspaper report next day, "the eccentric prisoner was removed."

Mr. Bewicke was duly consigned to Millbank Penitentiary, where he was treated as a debtor, and from thence removed to a lunatic asylum. But his appeal, though fruitless at the time, was not forgotten. It was taken up, to her own honour, and to the honour of her sex and order, by the convict's faithful and attached housekeeper, Mrs. Lodge. She had been called by her master as a witness for the defence, but she had become hysterical when under cross-examination, so that her evidence was of no avail. The moment that Mr. Bewicke was consigned to prison, however, she seems to have had but one all-absorbing idea—that of unmasking the conspiracy which she knew to exist, liberating her master, and clearing his character. With astonishing perseverance she went about the work. Though having no legal adviser, she got together a mass of evidence which convinced her that her master's innocence must plainly appear if she could only manage to get it published. She went up to London. Not knowing to whom she should address herself, she chanced to go to Mr. Serjeant Shee, who received her in the kindest manner, looked over the evidence she laid before him, said it was worthy of every consideration, and recommended her to a solicitor of great respectability and skill, Mr. Joseph Ivimey, of Staple Inn, who looked into the case, and shortly afterwards found himself in Northumberland.

Mr. Ivimey at once obtained warrants against the persons who had sworn Mr. Bewicke into prison, and engaged Mr. Serjeant Shee to conduct the prosecution. The result was that, on the 28th of February, 1862, exactly a year after Mr. Bewicke's conviction, one of the conspirators, John Dodd, was charged that he, wickedly intending and devising to cause that individual to be falsely and wrongly suspected of having feloniously shot at Hutchinson and Daglish, did unlawfully and maliciously lay, deposit, and hide a certain leaden bullet in a certain cart-shed, &c., with intent that it might be found and be supposed and believed to be shot by the said William Bewicke, &c. He was found guilty after a long trial, before Mr. Justice Mellor, in the Moot Hall, Newcastle, and sentenced to be imprisoned in the county gaol for the period of two years. William Hutchinson, labourer, was on the following day found guilty of having wilfully, maliciously, and corruptly committed wilful and corrupt perjury on Mr. Bewicke's trial for felony, and sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for four years; and John Daglish, charged with the same offence, pleading guilty under the advice of his counsel, Mr. Campbell Forster, was sentenced to be imprisoned

and kept to hard labour in the county gaol for twelve calendar months.

The cost of the prosecution of the men, amounting to £800, was paid by Mr. Bewicke. This sum included £300 to Serjeant Shee, who was paid before the trial. There was a great deal of feeling in Mr. Bewicke's favour at the time the proceedings took place; but no subscription was made for him.

The Queen's pardon was forwarded to Mr. Bewicke immediately after the conviction of the three men. He had been brought down to Newcastle to give evidence, and on the 4th March, 1862, he was released from prison, "without a stain on his character." When he arrived at Threepwood Hall, which he had left replete with all the appliances of worldly comfort, he found it stripped and dilapidated, the whole of his furniture having been removed and sold during his enforced absence. Mr. Bewicke was told that the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, as lords of the manor of Langley, on which Mr. Bewicke's property was situate, had exercised the right which they claimed under the Crown to be entitled to the goods of felons, had seized his furniture three months after his conviction, and had sold it by public auction in the inn at Haydon Bridge, Messrs. Anderson and Mack being the auctioneers. Mr. Bewicke said he was not a felon; he was an innocent man; and therefore he demanded his goods back. "No," replied the Commissioners, "we have sold your goods. We had a perfect right to do so from the hour of your conviction." "What have you sold them for, then?" Mr. Bewicke asked. "They were worth from £1,600 to £1,800." The Commissioners answered, "We sold them for £430. We have no objection to give you the proceeds of the sale." "But," rejoined Mr. Bewicke, "I am advised you had no right to do as you have done, and will bring an action against you." The reply of the Commissioners was to this effect:—"You have no *locus standi*. You were a felon when your goods were seized; you remained a felon while in prison, and till you were released from your felony by the pardon of the Crown; consequently, you had lost your rights of citizenship."

Under these circumstances, Mr. Bewicke was advised by his steadfast friend, Mr. Robert Ingham, of Westoe, member for South Shields, and others, to petition Parliament for redress. He did so, and the petition was presented on the 28th of April, 1863. A few days subsequently, Mr. Henry Berkeley, member for Bristol, moved in his place in the House that the grievances suffered by Mr. Bewicke were such as to entitle him to the consideration of the Government. Sir George Grey, then Home Secretary, contended that there had been no failure of justice as far as regarded the evidence upon Mr. Bewicke's trial, which was perfectly satisfactory to both judge and jury. Upon that gentleman's conviction, his property was escheated, not to the Crown, but to the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, who sold it for

what it would fetch, according to law. And when the witnesses upon whose evidence Mr. Bewicke was convicted had been tried and convicted of perjury, and Mr. Bewicke was pardoned, it being impossible to restore his property to him, the Commissioners gave him the sum for which it had been sold, minus £50, deducted for law expenses. Sir George Grey went on to say it was out of the power of the Commissioners to compensate Mr. Bewicke. They had done all they had power to do. At the same time, he admitted that it might be a matter for future consideration whether a person convicted and subsequently pardoned might not be placed in a more favourable position than the law now gave him. After considerable discussion on the legal aspects of the case, the House divided, when the numbers were:—For the motion, 20; against, 22; majority against, 2. Mr. Berkeley's motion was accordingly lost.

A year afterwards Mr. Berkeley brought the matter again before the House of Commons in a somewhat different form, distinctly raising the issue how far the State is responsible for a miscarriage of justice. The honourable gentleman, however, withdrew his motion in favour of an amendment proposed by Sir George Grey, for the appointment of a Select Committee to consider Mr. Bewicke's petition. Mr. Berkeley proposed in this committee a recommendation that Mr. Bewicke should be voted the sum of £5,000, and the proposal was supported by Mr. Liddell, Mr. Baillie Cochrane, and Lord John Manners; but a majority of the committee agreed to a report suggesting to the favourable consideration of the Crown "whether the full value of Mr. Bewicke's goods and chattels at the time of the forfeiture should not be restored to him, minus the net produce of the sale by auction already voluntarily paid over to Mr. Bewicke by the Commissioners."

Mr. Bewicke was twice married—first, to Miss Tweddell, of Threepwood; and, second, to a Welsh lady of the name of Jones, from whom he was subsequently divorced. The first Mrs. Bewicke was related to the celebrated scholar and traveller—John Tweddell, of Threepwood, who was born in 1769, and died at Athens in 1799. It was through Miss Tweddell that Mr. Bewicke came into possession of the Threepwood estate.

Some years before his death Mr. Bewicke had caused to be erected in Hexham Cemetery a monument of Aberdeen granite, bearing the following unfinished inscription:—"William Bewicke, Threepwood, Northumberland, aged — years."

Leopold Martin's Recollections.



MR. LEOPOLD CHARLES MARTIN, son of John Martin, the celebrated artist, of whose family and connections accounts have already appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* (see vol. i., pages 343, 348, 418, 433, and 436; vol. ii., page 43), was the author of a series of recollections of his father that have lately appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Mr. Martin died in London at an advanced age on January 5th, 1889,



coincident with the publication of the first instalment of his reminiscences. The following passages relate to the North-Country:—

"THE PLAINS OF HEAVEN."

With reference to "The Plains of Heaven," and the different localities my father had in his mind when the first idea was formed of the subject, my readers must at once abandon the notion that the landscape is in any way local. It is in no way connected with the view from Waterworks Bank, on the road to Benwell Village, lovely as that may be; but it certainly entered into his mind if only as a memory of his boyhood. Although in various years he paid more than one visit to the valley of the Tyne, he certainly never at any period made any sketch or drawing of this splendid prospect, or any memorandum of views from the Westgate Road to the village of Benwell. Often I have heard him name the fairest landscapes known to him, but he never made particular mention of the one above-named. He frequently spoke of the views from Newlands Corner, near Guildford, the scene from Leith Hill, in Surrey, and specially that from the Wynd Cliff on the Wye, above Chepstow, near the Wye's junction with the river Severn, as the most beautiful prospects known to him. The latter he certainly did once paint and make into a lovely drawing, illustrative of his friend James Hogg's poem of the "Queen's Wake," the chief work of the "Etrick Shepherd." "The Plains of Heaven" must be looked upon as a poetic and ideal landscape—one from the mind only. It is truly the work of an inspired fancy—noble, commanding, power-

ful, imaginative, nearly sublime. One can but give up entirely all idea that in such a grand landscape anything but mind has to be taken into consideration. No local, no earthly spot, clouded the contemplation. All is original and ideal—the work of an exceptionally powerful imagination.

LUKE CLENNELL.

Originally a pupil of the celebrated William and Thomas Bewick, Luke Clennell, under this masterly tuition, became so skilful a wood engraver that he was one of those who had the permission to attach his name to woodcut blocks issued by the firm—a marked distinction granted but to four of the most able of the pupils. Luke Clennell at all times had a strong inclination to become a painter, and to follow in the path of his boyhood's friend, John Martin. He felt that, though successful as a wood engraver, it was not really his mission. He would go to London, and fight his way, but in a branch of art more to his inclination. He did so. Better had it been if he had remained in Newcastle with his great masters. In London he made friends, worked hard, and with success, but, alas! with a truly melancholy termination. Clennell's great work, "The Charge of the Guards at the Battle of Waterloo," was, as a painting, most popular, but is still better known by the spirited engraving. So highly was the picture appreciated that an unusual permission was granted by Government to erect a temporary wooden building facing Hyde Park, in Park Lane, in which it could be publicly exhibited. I well remember the pitched-boarded structure standing for a considerable time at the east side of Hyde Park—a sort of national exhibition. The idea of Clennell was really a conception of the immortal charge of the Life Guards—a rush at a mad gallop, hacking and thrusting right and left. Shaw, on a white horse in full plunge, formed the centre, whilst giant guardsmen sent the French cuirassiers flying before their ruthless blades. But, alas! poor Clennell. He, like Sir David Wilkie, if Sir George Beaumont's statement can be relied upon, devoted himself so entirely to his art, so completely wrapped himself up in it, as to quite neglect his person and health. The melancholy result, as might have been expected, was that the over-worked brain gave way, and Clennell had to be put under restraint. His mind became utterly crushed. The Waterloo picture was his last work. He died quite an imbecile, under confinement, in a private mad-house.

VENTILATION OF MINES.

It was my fortune on various occasions to accompany my father to the House of Commons, when called upon to give evidence before committees. One in particular, on "Accidents in Coal Mines" (a subject in which my father was greatly interested), I can recall most vividly, owing to the fact of having to hear the evidence of George Stephenson, John Buddle, and my father. Mr. Joseph Pease, M.P. for Durham, was chairman; and John Bowes, another North-Country member, was present as one of the committee. George Stephenson, with the appearance of a working man out in his Sunday best—blue coat, buff waistcoat, drab trousers, and such a white tie, wound two or three times round his neck!—gave his evidence in plain, matter-of-fact style, chiefly advocating additional Parliamentary powers to viewers and overlookers as lampmen, and urging very stringent rules as to the general use both of his own and the Davy safety lamp. As regards these lamps, by the way, their invention was claimed by William Martin (elder brother of my father), a claim to which he certainly had a right, his lamp being known some time previous to George Stephenson's, which was of earlier date than the lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy. But the three are much alike. George Stephenson, in giving his opinion in evidence, seemed to think that the careful use of the safety lamp was a much more important question than any improved system of ventilation. My father, in his evidence, went dead against this theory, and advocated an improved system of working the coal (by which a more perfect ventilation could be secured) by causing a constant current of fresh air to pass along the face of the workings. My father's plan was new and important, but a painter could hardly be popular with mining engineers. They had weight

with the committee; my father had little or none. Since the time of Davy, the lamp has been all in all; but what numbers of valuable lives might have been saved if only a more perfect system of ventilation had been established.

MR. THOMAS ALCOCK.

Mr. Thomas Alcock was one of my father's earliest friends and a constant companion. Originally in partnership with a Mr. Fayon, a surgeon in Piccadilly, he obtained the chief practice of the parish of St. James's, Westminster. Ultimately he became the distinguished surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital. Mr. Alcock was a very extraordinary man, well-informed in nearly every branch of science and art. He had devoted much study to the beautiful art of modelling in wax—chiefly to that of anatomical modelling in coloured wax. So perfect were these productions that my father used to fancy them as offensive to the nose as they were distressing to the eye. Mr. Alcock had also given much attention to the art of casting in plaster of Paris. In the execution of faces he was very perfect. He had a method of his own so novel that its publication might answer some good purpose, and interest those wishing to practise this beautiful art. The ordinary practice, after oiling the face and hair, is to pour a quantity of liquid plaster of Paris upon the surface required to be formed into a mould, the weight of plaster quite distorting and pressing out of shape the form of the face. Dr. De Ville, a great artist in this branch, when casting my father's face, gave him two black eyes and some very extraordinary new organs, informing my father that the "organ of veneration was very largely developed." Mr. Alcock's method was very simple, but very perfect, consisting of the usual oiling of the surface, the mixing of a thin liquid of plaster of Paris to the consistency of thick cream, and the using of a fine hog's hair brush to paint over the surface of the part required to be cast with a thin coat of plaster, which dries at once without distorting any part of the surface or weighing out of place either skin or muscle. When this first coat of plaster is set, a further coating can be placed on the first, and so on, till sufficiently thick to allow it to be taken off in portions, and to form a perfect mould. Casts produced by this method can be most complete and perfect, without any sort of difficulty in forming a good mould. Any object, however delicate, can thus be reproduced; but for faces or heads it is as yet the only perfect method known. Mr. Alcock came from Newcastle about the same period as my father, and ever after remained his fast friend. My father's table was his own; a chair had its place for him at all times. Mr. Alcock had one son, Sir Rutherford Alcock, at one time distinguished as envoy in Japan and China. Kew Gardens and South Kensington Museum are greatly indebted to him for valuable contributions both in art and natural history. In person Mr. Alcock was about the middle

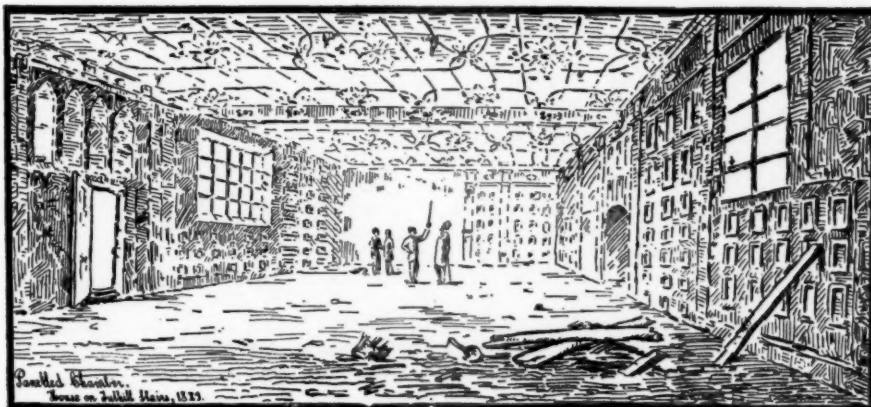
height. His dark complexion had faded by thought and the wear and tear of his profession into a sallow hue. His brow was deeply furrowed, and, though he had not passed the prime of life, he might seem to have entered age but for the firmness of his step, the slender elasticity of his frame, and an eye which had acquired a depth from thought without losing any of the brilliancy of youth.

Old Newcastle on the Tuthill Stairs.

THE remarkable old Elizabethan mansion—the real old Burgomaster type—built against the steep slope of the hill to the west of the High Level Bridge, with its principal approach up Tuthill Stairs from the Close, is, undoubtedly, the most interesting relic in existence of the Newcastle of three centuries ago.



To the dilettante citizen, who would shrink from finding his or her way along the Close, or from being seen in the unfashionable locality of the Tuthill Stairs, we may

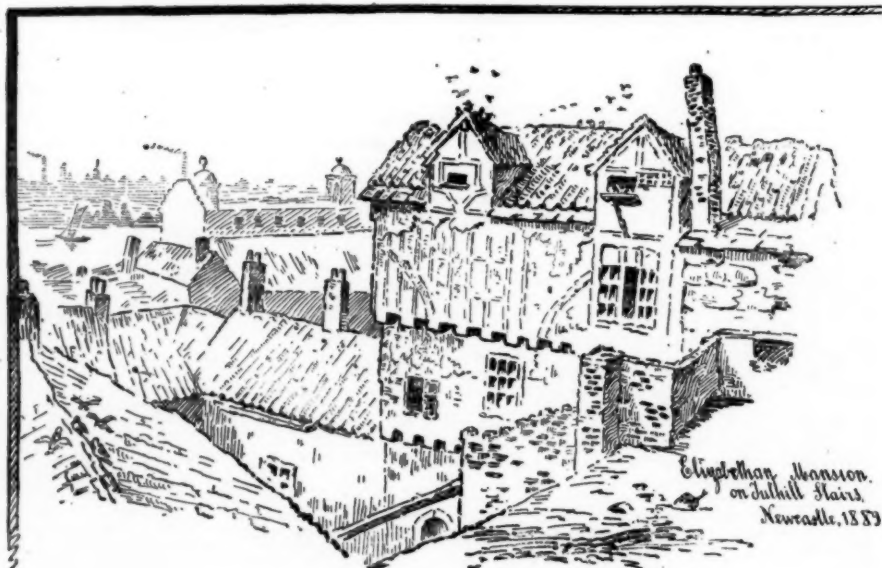


say that the relic in question can be easily surveyed from the High Level Bridge. From the Close, the more practical explorer will reach the old house by the low-pointed, stone-arched doorway, shown in our illustration, nearly opposite the Old Mansion House, leading into the not very dignified "Sweeper's Entry," the owner of the property still retaining a right of way here. At the head of the court the visitor has the front of the building with its noble stone-arched front entrance in full view, as in the sketch presented by our artist. This entrance, we may interject in passing, leads to-day into a hen roost, while the other portion is used as a stable! At right angles to the main building, of the same age and style, is a lower erection, with a similar doorway. This has been entirely used, in its days of honour, as a covered stone come-and-go-staircase and an anteroom, by which the first floor was reached, as well as the "orchard," "shrubbery," and "garth" once situated on the upper portion of the steep bank against which the house is built.

The general view of the house, as depicted by our artist, will give an idea of its peculiar construction. The ground floor is strongly built of stone, and the first floor, originally one single wainscoted room, the gem of the whole mansion, as well as the second storey and the roof, are massively framed in old oak. The upper front wall and gable are strongly half timbered, with diagonals and horizontal beams interspersed, filled in with brick, and plastered. The ends of the flooring beams of each storey form massive projecting

corbels in the front; and the walls of each floor being built out upon these corbels, and the intervening spaces filled in with short end corbels, the whole elevation, with its gabled roof, has a most picturesque appearance. The lower portion of the stone staircase is in existence, but buried in rubbish, and the upper floors have all, for a long period, been reached from the high ground above, while the main entrance to the oak-panelled chamber has long been from a passage halfway down the Tuthill Stairs, and by a doorway in what was the magnificent west window, from which, in the good old days, such a charming prospect of river and open country could be obtained.

From our sketch of the west-side, low and mean as it is at present, the remains of the moulded stone cornice, and of four of the moulded stone arched mullioned lights of the upper half of this window, it will be observed, are still to be seen. Entering here, interest of course chiefly centres in what was once undoubtedly a charming chamber. With the common—very common—partitions run up to form two or three mean-looking apartments, in imagination swept away, the visitor has a chamber of excellent proportions before him, 31 ft. by 20 ft., and 11 ft. in height, with just sufficient of the ancient beautiful oak panelling remaining, with fluted pilasters framed into the carved oak cornice and cross beams, to give him an idea of what our ancestors could do, three centuries ago, in the way of internal decoration. To prevent misconception, it may be here remarked, that a portion of the wall space is covered with



very inferior woodwork, of common pine. This is only some ordinary material, introduced by the father of Mr. Bone, the present proprietor, to cover the already stripped walls, when making alterations some years ago. The elaborately-decorated plaster ceiling, fortunately, is still almost entire, the excellent workmanship having been proof against the hard usage of its later years of dire adversity. Here, again, we must add that the ceiling, beautifully patterned as it is, is *not* of "carved oak" or "panelled oak" at all, as it has been erroneously described. A piece of the beautifully-carved oak moulding, originally framed round the large window on the west side, may still be seen over the circular upper lights already named. Mr. Bone tells how the carved oak fireplace was removed by his father, thirty years ago, to make way for the practical pot and oven, so necessary in a tenemented house; and, also, how a charming piece of figured oak carving, probably the original owner's coat of arms, was taken down at the same time, and sold off-hand to a practical-minded antiquary for the sum of ten shillings! A door in the wainscot, to the right of the fireplace, probably originally led into a chamber from which the uppermost flight of stone steps gave egress to the grounds above. The floor above, and

the chambers in the roof, would probably be the sleeping apartments of the occupants of the mansion.

The history of the old relic, so far as the fragments can be pieced together, is an interesting one, with its glimpses of the history of the town so closely interwoven. Legends as to Cromwell having occupied the house when in the North, and his soldiers having ascended the hill by its stairs, are still told by the neighbours, the probability or otherwise of which may be accepted by the reader without difficulty. It is stated that the old mansion was originally built by Alderman Henry Chapman, during the reign of Elizabeth, and was being occupied by him and his wife Joan in the year 1587. Up to late years, over the doorway leading into the anteroom, in the oak chamber, the date 1583 was carved in the solid oak beam. This was always assumed to be the date of its erection by Chapman. In those early days, with its charming situation, the magnificent prospect from its west window, and its surrounding gardens, it must have been an enviable residence. In 1629, it was acquired by a loyal old knight, Sir Alexander Davison, a faithful partisan of Charles I. in his quarrels with the Parliament. He was one of the brave defenders of the town, at the siege in 1644, and fell



at his post, probably within a bow shot of his own door, on November 11, aged 80 years. In 1637, he had settled the property upon his son, Ralph Davison, when the latter was to be married to Timothea Belassys. Then, again, August 5, 1653, it was conveyed by "Raphe" and his wife to "Thomas Davison, of Newcastle, marchant." It appears to have been leased in 1637, to Thomas, afterwards Sir Thomas Riddell, who had married the old knight's daughter, Barbara, and in 1639 the well-known, but cantankerous vicar of Newcastle, Yeldard Alvey, was residing in it. Edward Stote, another well-known Newcastle man, died here in 1649. From 1653, over Cromwell's protectorate, the Restoration of Charles II., the Revolution of 1688, the accession of George I., and the Old Pretender's Rebellion in 1715, we have no record of the fortunes of the old mansion, until Oct. 20, 1720, when the whole property was purchased by Mr. Daniel West from a Thomas Davison and William Davison, for £120, on behalf of the struggling Baptist congregation which, previously, had worshipped in the old chapel on Tyne Bridge.

Mr. John Bradburn, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in a lecture delivered by him in 1883, gave an interesting account of the long period during which the oak chamber was occupied by that community as a chapel, the upper rooms being the residence of the minister. From 1798, when the congregation removed to the large square brick building on the ground above, the old chamber was used as a Sunday school, and when a final removal to Bewick Street was carried out, some thirty years ago, the whole property—chapel, tenemented houses (which had been built by the connexion next the stairs), and the mansion—was purchased by the late Mr. Bone, altered, as has already been stated, and the whole let into tenements, though the old house has practically stood empty during the last twelve months, and suffered accordingly.

With reference to the long interregnum of silence, from 1653 to 1720, a curious fact deserves to be recorded. When the property was acquired by the Baptists at the latter-named date, there were already some old pews in it, and affixed to one of them were hands for holding the Corporation mace and sword, the probability being that during a portion of the period the Corporation occasionally attended dissenting places of worship.

J. I. NICHOLSON.

It will probably be of additional interest to the reader to learn that the whole of the property in question has just been purchased by Lady Armstrong. It is well known that her ladyship has for many years strongly interested herself in the adjoining Children's Hospital. Certain pressing additions and extensions here are necessary, and with the ground thus acquired these will now be easily carried out.

J. I. N.

Lewis Thompson.



R. LEWIS THOMPSON, whose portrait is here printed, died in Eldon Place, Newcastle, on the 21st of February, 1889, at the age of 78 years. His career was not only eventful, but in many respects romantic. The son of Mr. Thomas Thompson, of Byker, he was intended by his father for the medical profession. He commenced his studies in Newcastle, and completed them in London. But he never practised himself, although he acted as assistant to a distinguished metropolitan surgeon. He was employed for a time in a subordinate position in a soap factory at Lambeth. When the owners and managers on one occasion were busy discussing the effects of some experiments, he made a remark of an original and suggestive kind that attracted the attention of the head of the firm. This led to his closer intercourse with his employers; and, notwithstanding Mr. Thompson's reticence and unwillingness to receive preferment, he very soon became the principal scientific adviser of the manufactory. Through one of the members of the firm—who was also a member of the Government of the day—Mr. Thompson was entrusted with a highly responsible position in a time of great national excitement. Apart from his scientific connections in London, he was engaged in a like work in France. He went to Paris with very flattering recommendations to some of the most distinguished



Mr. Lewis Thompson.

men of science in that capital, and his intercourse with them continued through life. But perhaps the part of Mr. Thompson's labours that is best known is that which he devoted to the study of the methods of gas-making and gas-lighting. About 30 years ago, a gas company was formed in London to compete with the old-established companies. The promoters made many strange aver-

ments about the cost and quality of gas, and Mr. Thompson voluntarily commenced a series of experiments to demonstrate their fallacy. The investigations then made threw an entirely new light upon the making of coal gas. The results of Mr. Thompson's elaborate inquiries are to be found scattered through modern chemical books where the questions of gas and gas-lighting are discussed. All his labour was done gratuitously, and, when the old gas companies proposed to remunerate him, he returned the money, and declared he would consider its acceptance as derogatory to his independence. His letter written on that occasion, if it could be printed, would give a more correct idea of the writer's chivalrous and unsordid disposition than any friendly eulogy. Mr. Thompson wrote extensively for scientific publications, but seldom attached his name to what he wrote. The subject he was specially at home with was the application of science to manufactures. To the works of Dr. Ure, Dr. Lardner, and Mr. McCulloch in this country, as well as to French and American encyclopædias and reviews, he was a copious contributor. With a view of preserving his anonymity, he destroyed before his death some valuable correspondence, under the belief that no one would be interested in it, and because some of the forecasts of his friends had not been verified by facts. He occasionally wrote—always under a *nom de plume*—in the columns of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. The will of Mr. Thompson, dated March 15, 1884, was proved in April, 1889, by his cousin, the executor, Mr. Charles D. Andrews, solicitor, of Leominster, Herefordshire. The testator set apart £15,000, the income from which should be applied by the Poor-Law Guardians for the township of Byker in diminishing the poor's rate upon the inhabitants of that township, upon condition that the Guardians keep and maintain in a good and substantial state of repair the tomb of the testator's father in the Jesmond Cemetery, and place thereon each successive year a memorial garland of the value of not less than two shillings.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stoker.

X Y Z AT NEWCASTLE RACES.

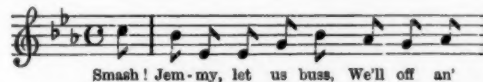
HORSE-RACING, as a sport for Northern gentlemen, seems to have flourished at Woodham Moor in the later years of Queen Elizabeth. There was horse-racing, too, at Killingworth about 1632, as in this year an entry appears in the account books of the Newcastle Corporation of £20 paid "to John Blakiston, chamberlain, which he disbursed for two

silver potts granted by the Common Council for the race on Killingworth Moor after Whitsuntide." Killingworth race-course existed until 1721, in which year, although the County Plate, value £25, given by the High Sheriff, Edward Delaval, Esq., was run for there on the Tuesday, the remaining races, including the Gold Cup given by the Corporation of Newcastle, took place on the Town Moor. Afterwards, for over a century and a half, the races on the Moor became the great annual *fête* of the North, and were attended by people of every grade of society from all parts of the Northern Counties.

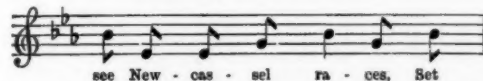
In the early part of the present century, the many victories achieved by the celebrated racehorse, X Y Z, the property of Mr. Riddell, of Felton Park, had gained for that animal the admiration of all Northumberland. Its name became a household word, and its achievements were the theme of more than one local poet. X Y Z was the winner for four consecutive years—1811, 1812, 1813, 1814—of the Gold Cup, then the great prize at the Newcastle Meeting. The Northumberland Plate, afterwards the great race, had then no existence.

The pitman's description of the race, the race-course, and its surroundings are true to the life. The tune is of the Strathspey character, and was originally known as "The Cameronian's Rant." Some Scottish songs, such as "The Battle o' Shirra Muir," have been written to it, and it has also been a great favourite with our local poets, few of them having omitted to try a verse or two to its strains, perhaps the most successful efforts being Emery's "Hydrophobie," J. P. Robson's "Pawnshop Bleezin'," and our present illustration.

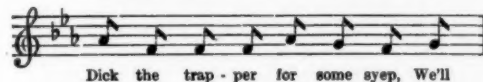
A short account of the author, William Mitford, appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1887, page 311, accompanying his song of "Cappy, or the Pitman's Dog."



Smash! Jem-my, let us buss, We'll off an'



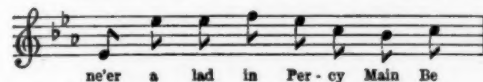
see New-cas-sel ra-ces, Set



Dick the trap-per for some syep, We'll



suin wesh a' wor fac-es. There'll



ne'er a lad in Per-cy Main Be



bet this day for five or ten; Wor



Fal the dal the di - do.
We reached the moor, wi' sairish tues,
When they were gan to start, man;
We gav a fellow tuppence each
To stand upon a cart, man;
The bets flew round frae side to side,
"The field agyen X Y!" they cried;
We'd hardly time to lay them a',
When in he cam—Hurra! Hurra!
"Gadsmash!" says aw, "X Y's the steed,
He bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
We never see'd the like, man."

Next, to the tents we hied, to get
Some stuffing for wor bags, man;
Wi' flesh we fairly pang'd wor hides—
Smoked nowse but patent shag, man.
Wi' rum and brandy soak'd each chop,
We'd Jackey* an' fine ginger pop
We gat what made us winkin' blin'—
When drunky aw began to sing—
"Od smash! X Y, that bonnie steed,
Thou bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
We never see'd his like, man."

Next up among the shows we gat,
Where folks a' stood i' flocks, man,
To see a chep play Bob and Joan
Upon a wooden box, man;
While bairns an' music filled the stage,
An' some, by gox! were grim wi' age;
When next and Grin a powney browt,
Could tell at yence what people thowt!
"Od smash!" says aw, "if he's the breed
Of X Y Z, that bonny steed,
Thou niver see'd his like, man."

* A pitmatic name for gin.

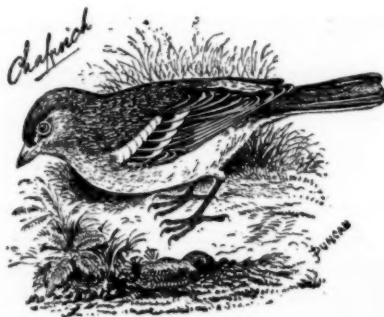
But haud! when we cam to the toon,
What thinks thou we saw there, man?
We saw a Blackie, puffin, swettin',
Suckin' in fresh air, man;
They said that he could fell an ox—
His name was fightin' Molinox;
But ere he fit anither round,
His marrow fell'd him to the ground.
"Od smash!" says aw, "if thou's sic breed
As X Y Z, that bonny steed,
Thou niver see'd his like, man."

Next, board a steamer-boat we gat,
A laddie rang a bell, man;
We hadn't sittin' varry lang
Till byeth asleep we fell, man.
But the noise seun myed poor Jimmy start—
He thowt 'twas time to gan to wark,
For pick an' hoggars roar'd oot he,
An' myed sic noise it waken'd me.
"Od smash!" says aw, "X Y's the steed,
He bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
Aw niver see'd his like, man."

When landed, straight off hyem aw gans,
An' thunnars at the door, man;
The bairns lap ower the bed wi' fright,
Fell smack upon the floor, man;
But to gaur the wify haud her tongue,
Showed her the kelter aw had won;
She wiv a cinder brunt her toes,
An' little Jacob broke his nose—
The brass aw've gotten at the race
Will buy a patch for Jacob's face—
So noo maw sang is duin, man.

The Chaffinch.

MR. JOHN HANCOCK, writing of the two Northern Counties, says that the chaffinch (*Fringilla caelebs*) is "probably the most abundant bird in the district, and certainly one of the most beautiful." It is also very plentiful in Cumberland and the Border Counties. This elegant bird has always been celebrated for the skilful nest it builds, which is a most artful and beautiful structure, composed



externally of moss, fine wool, lichens, the scales of bark, and often of spiders' webs, all neatly felted together, and presenting a smooth and carefully-finished exterior. Delicately lined with wool and hair, it is securely at-

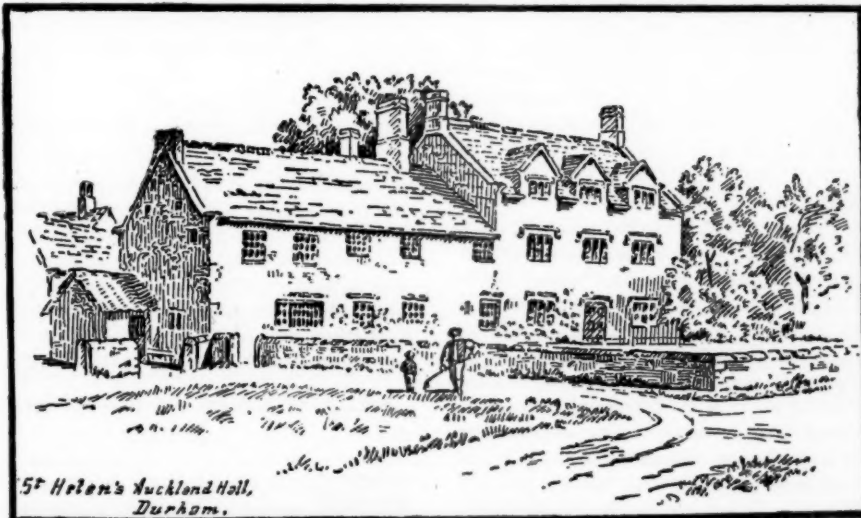
tached to the supporting stems by bands of moss, which are turned round the supports, and worked into the mass of materials composing the nest. The chaffinch has a wide geographical range, and is generally distributed over the whole of Europe, being migratory in the higher and colder latitudes, and a resident in the warmer and more temperate countries. It is a favourite everywhere, as is evinced by its many common names—such as shilfa, sheelie, shell-apple, beechfinch, twink, spink, pink, &c. In this country the chaffinches are more or less migratory, and in the autumn and winter they gather into separate flocks, the males by themselves, and the females likewise. Selby, speaking of this singular habit, says that in Northumberland and in Scotland the separation of sexes takes place about November, and from that period to the return of spring few females are to be seen, and those few always in distinct societies. The males remain, and are met with during the winter in immense flocks, feeding with other grain-eating birds in the stubble fields as long as the weather continues mild and the ground is free from snow. It is on account of this peculiarity, the temporary separation of the sexes, that Linnæus has assigned the chaffinch its specific name (*coelebs*), equivalent to "bachelor." About the end of March the flocks break up, and then the "bachelors" are on the outlook for mates. The chaffinches do good service to the horticulturists and

to the rush and roar of the trains, the birds hatched and reared their young. Two broods are hatched out in the nesting season. As a rule, the first brood is out of the nest by the middle of May, and the second by the end of July, sometimes rather later in the Northern Counties. The earlier or later nesting season, of course, depends on the weather conditions. The male chaffinch, nearly as handsome a bird as the goldfinch, is from six to six and a half inches long. The female is about an inch shorter than the male, and her plumage is generally more subdued. The young male resembles the female until after the autumnal moult, when he begins gradually to assume his future distinctive colours.

St. Helen's Auckland Hall.

OUR engraving represents the ancient mansion of the Carrs of St. Helen's Auckland, to which reference is made in the sketch of Cuthbert Carr. (See page 307.) It is taken from a pen and ink drawing by Mr. W. H. Knowles, which has been kindly lent for the purpose by Colonel Carr, of Dunston Hill.

Hutchinson, the historian of Durham, states that in the early part of the reign of King James I., John, son



farmers. They clear the ground of weed-seeds and insects, though in autumn, like the sparrows, they take rather good toll of the ripening corn. Chaffinches sometimes nest in curious situations, and very often in apple trees and orchards. Some years ago a pair of them fixed their nest to one of the iron columns of the Tebay Station on the London and North-Western Railway, within a couple of yards of the rails. In this curious position and close

of Robert Eden, who was seized of a third part of the manor of St. Helen's Auckland, and William Williamson, of St. Helen's, who held the other portion, divided the estate, and Williamson sold his two thirds to James Carr, of Newcastle, who built the mansion. At the close of last century, the hall was occupied by a sisterhood of Teresian Nuns, and while they resided there the following description of it was published:—"The house is very

spacious and contains a great number of apartments. It is surrounded by high walls except the south front (which is a very ancient structure, remarkably neat, and containing several small Gothic windows), and another adjoining edifice of Grecian architecture fronting the west, built about the beginning of the century [the 18th] by William Carr, Esq., who was some time member for Newcastle, a man of fine taste, of unbounded hospitality, and who supported the character of a country gentleman with a splendour almost unparalleled in those days, and rarely equalled in all respects at the present day. Although the gate which opens into the spacious court of this mansion is within twenty yards of a public road, which passes between it and the parochial chapel of St. Helen, yet the house itself is perfectly sequestered; every view of it being confined either to its delightful gardens or the rich adjoining meadows. These gardens, which comprehend between four and five acres, are enclosed by a brick wall about twenty feet in height lined with an immense variety of the choicest fruit trees, and the whole laid out in the most enchanting manner."

In Mr. Knowles's sketch, the modern wing, which overshadows the old hall, is not seen, and the building is represented in much the same state as it was when Cuthbert Carr, the hero of the siege of Newcastle, lived in it.

Richard Ayre.

AMONG the old Chartist of Newcastle none was more worthy of remembrance than Richard Ayre, who died in that town on April 12, 1871, at the age of 77 years. Mr. Ayre was a kind, genial, good old man, respected by all who knew him, and ready at any time to put himself about to be of service to anyone. He was also a thinker of very considerable merit, a scientist and an inventor. And all his inventions had something to do with saving life, or making life worth living. Several of his inventions were exhibited in the Polytechnic in Blackett Street, Newcastle, and he possessed acknowledgments of the merits of his improvements in safety-lamps, railway brakes, and life-saving apparatus for steamships from George Stephenson, Mr. Pease, and several Parliamentary Commissions. The only invention from which he ever derived any pecuniary benefit was in connection with Dr. White's water-ballast, he having introduced some improvements into the doctor's original project which were handsomely acknowledged. His house was a veritable museum, and he could talk for hours of his projects and his models; while his inexhaustible fund of anecdote of the old reformers, from Henry Hunt and Peterloo down to Edmund Beales, Charles Bradlaugh, and the Borough Franchise movement—about the social movement, with personal remini-

scences of Robert Owen, Frances Wright, Harriet Martineau (he once drove Miss Wright down to Tynemouth on a visit to Miss Martineau, and surprised the joint-author of "Man's Nature and Development" peeling potatoes!)—rendered Mr. Ayre's house one of the most entertaining and profitable it has ever been my good fortune to be admitted to. The accompanying portrait of the good old man was taken about the time of the Reform demonstration of 1866, when the survivors of the demonstration of 1816 headed the procession in a waggonette, and when Ernest Jones spoke for the last time



Richard Ayre, 1866.

in Newcastle. The medallion he wears is struck in commemoration of the establishment of the "New Moral World," when Mr. Owen was sanguine that his system was about to be established and the old order of things to pass away. It contained on the obverse a portrait of Owen, and on the reverse the axioms which were the foundations of his philosophy. ELIJAH COPLAND.

Mercenaries in Northumberland.

SOME account of the doings of the foreign mercenaries brought to England by the Protector Somerset in the reign of Edward VI. is furnished in the Rutland papers which have recently been unearthed at Belvoir Castle by the Historical Manuscripts Commission. On the death of Henry VIII, the Protector sought to carry out the wishes of the deceased king with regard to the marriage of the boy Edward to Princess Mary of Scotland. France interfered, and Somerset, in order to force the match, marched an army to Scotland. The Regent Huntley,

who declared that he had no objection to the match, but "misliked the manner of wooing," met the English forces at Pinkiecleugh, and sustained a defeat. But he saved his queen from being forced into a marriage at the point of the sword, and the English generalissimo returned to England with an empty victory. One of the effects of this unwise enterprise was to disturb the somewhat friendly relations that had hitherto existed between the Scots and English on the Borders, and two years later it was found necessary to send a mixed army of English and foreigners to guard against an invasion of Northumberland by their neighbours to the north of the Cheviots. The Earl of Rutland, appointed "Lorde Warden of the East and Midle Marches foranenynt Scotland," was invested by the young king with "the chefe rule, ordre, and governaunce of our garrisons and men of warre upon these frontiers." From a list of towns at which the horse-men and footmen lay upon the frontier, it seems that the mercenaries were disposed as follows :—

Strangers, Armed Horsemen :—

Capt. Andrea at Whittingham and Glanton.
Charles de Guavar at Mikle Kyle, Litle Kyle, and Yetlington.
Capt. Lanciano at Eslington and Screnwood.
Capt. Hungarian at Bolton and Lemmington.

Strangers, Footmen :—

The Almains at Scremerston and Fenwick.
The Irish at Bamborough.
Sir Julian Romero at Rocke.
Sir Pero Negro at Haggerston.
Capt. Ventura at Charleton.

These foreigners seem to have been a source of much trouble, not only to the people upon whom they were quartered, but also to the Lord Warden himself. Most account seems to have been made of the Germans; for, writing to the Earl of Rutland about the disposition of some money sent to him, the Lords of the Council instruct him to pay the "Almaynes" one month in advance, whereas the Italians and other "forriners"—amongst whom were the Irish—were to consider themselves well treated if they got their pay one month in arrear. Writing from Berwick to Lord St. John, under date Nov. 4, 1549, the Lord Warden complains that the "charges of the Almaynes here are very great, and the service but little this winter, because they are footmen." But if the Italians were kept waiting a month for their pay, they seem to have made themselves very much at home in the towns on which they were billeted. The Earl of Rutland himself had cause to complain of their conduct, and there are references to their "lewd behaviour" in several letters. Writing from Alnwick on Nov. 11, 1549, to the Lords of Council, the Lord Warden says :—

Courtpenigh puts his men in readinesse to set forward towards you, and tarries only for his pay. Within four days he will be able to set forward with all the Almains except two ensigns, who will remain here, according to your order. Captain Tiberio and his band disquiet the country, and in a mutiny lately made by him at Berwick slew two of the garrison. If you do not speedily take him hence, the country will not bear his lewdness, but will seek their revenge. Please send for him to be placed else-

where. He refuses all good order, and also is unwilling to abide in these parts.

Three days later we find Lord Dacre writing from Carlisle Castle as follows :—

I understand that your Lordship haith plaiced in the Towne of Morpeth a bande of Italiens who, as I am enformed, beside the killing of the fewe deare that I had there and other private displeasure done to my self whiche in effect I do little esteame, they do so unreasonably behave theyme selves that thinhabitantes do rather mynde to leave the towne and seek other dwellinges then to susteine such intollerable unquietness and misordre, so that I am forced to meove your Lordship on ther behalf for a reformation, not doubting that your discret wisdom will consider what inconvenience it is to pestere such a little streat standing in the heigh way, where it servethe the Kinges people bothe with concourse and recourse with such company, and howe of congruent it must be that suche waist and consuming of vitalles as they use withoute goode payment this tyme of the yere in the heighe way must needes make not only scarcities of vitalles but also enhaunce the prices, as the Kinges subjectes and others travailing that way must after in the yere waunte good easement and feale paynes. Thus assuring your Lordship that I fynde not this fault for eny private discommodite, but onely for a common noysaunce and damage, knowing if the towne shoulde be desolated, the lose of my enheritaunce were litle in respect of the harme it shoulde be to the commone welth.

Then from Brancepeth, on the 16th of December in the same year, the Dowager-Countess of Westmoreland wrote to her son-in-law on the same subject :—

I am informed that you have appointed certain of the Italian horsemen to lie at Bywell, a lordship of mine. It is not a meet place to lodge any strangers in, for the inhabitants are very poor men. They have been so sore charged in the king's service, by carriages and otherwise, that if they be now charged with these strangers, they will not be able to serve the king when called upon again, nor to pay their ferms.

It was, however, well into the middle of the year following before the whole of these disturbing foreigners were withdrawn from Northumberland. The Germans were removed at the close of 1549 to aid in quelling the insurrectionary spirit which was abroad in the Midland and Southern Counties, generated largely by the appropriation of commons by the landlords; but the Italians were left for several months to make good the default of the paymaster by levying forced contributions on the unhappy Northumbrians.

The Roxbys and Beberleys.



THE announcement of the death of Mr. William Roxby Beverley, which took place at Hampstead about the middle of May, 1889, cannot fail to have quickened the memory of many old theatre-goers in the North of England respecting a family of capable actors, scene-painters, and theatrical managers, who, during at least three generations, acquired a reputation which, even to this day, stands unrivalled in their several walks.

The original family name was Roxby, and the Roxbys came from Hull. Beverley was only their stage name, and was first adopted, from the old capital of the East

Riding, by Henry Roxby, "who in the eighties and nineties of last century was playing, with his wife, leading business at Covent Garden, London." This gentleman had four sons, all of whom inherited his histrionic and artistic taste and genius, though in different departments; and, for the sake of distinction, two of them retained through life the name of Roxby, while the other two chose to be known as Beverleys, or Roxby-Beverleys. The first pair were Mr. Samuel Roxby, who was connected for nearly thirty-five years with the Northern Theatrical Circuit, comprising the theatres at North and South Shields, Sunderland, Durham, Stockton, Filey, and Scarborough, and Mr. Robert Roxby, who was stage manager for many years at the Lyceum and the Princess Theatres in London. The second pair were Mr. Henry Robert Beverley, locally known as "Old Harry Beverley," one of the very best low comedians of his day, and Mr. William Roxby Beverley, last deceased, confessedly one of our most famous scene painters.

The leaseholdship and management of the Northern Theatrical Circuit were acquired and undertaken by Mr. Henry Roxby, from the representatives of the Kembles about sixty years ago, and his sons afterwards became sole proprietors. The old gentleman continued to appear as stage manager as long as he lived, but for financial reasons, as was understood, his sons William and Samuel were nominally the conductors.

At the opening of the Drury Lane Theatre in Sunderland, on the 31st October, 1831, one of the principal intimations on the bill referred to a new act drop by Mr. William Beverley, who had already done scenic work at the Scarborough and Filey theatres, and who combined for a few seasons, here in the North, the duties of scene-painter with the pleasures of heavy comedy. The following announcement was made in connection with the opening of the Shields Theatre in the same season:—"The public is respectfully informed the above theatre will open for the season on Monday, the 28th of November, 1831, under the management of Mr. Roxby and Mr. W. Beverley, from the Theatre Royal, Manchester, the whole under the direction of Mr. Beverley, late lessee of the Theatre Royal, Manchester." A few years afterwards Mr. Beverley was engaged as scenic artist at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, by Mr. William Henry Murray (brother-in-law of Mr. Henry Siddons, son of the great tragedienne), and painted some scenery there that drew forth universal admiration. Ultimately settling in the metropolis, he rose to the top of his profession.

Mr. Hugh R. Roddam, writing in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, states that Mr. Beverley, when he settled in London, became artist at the Lyceum, London, then held by Chas. Mathews and Madame

Vestris. Afterwards he joined E. T. Smith at Drury Lane, and was at Old Drury for years after under various managers; but, although finally settling in London, he was often in North Shields painting or superintending some important work, especially in the rebuilding of the theatre in 1852, the old quarters having been destroyed by fire in the latter part of 1851. The following incident, says Mr. Roddam, is recorded of the great Kean, when in the height of his career:—"Young William Beverley, now the celebrated artist, the son of his old Gloucester manager, was frequently with him at Buta. While the boy sketched at the window, Kean would sit at the piano and play and sing Moore's melodies, which he did with great taste and feeling. Once he said to his young guest, in whose presence he never committed those excesses which were fast completing the destruction of a constitution already shattered, 'If I could keep you always by my side, I might be saved yet.'"

Mr. Harry Beverley, who died in the early part of the year 1863, was for many years a prime favourite with the theatre-goers in the circuit. On the nights when he and his brother Mr. Samuel Roxby trod the boards together, there was a high festival of innocent fun, as probably on no other stage in the kingdom could anything to



WILLIAM ROXBY BEVERLEY.

equal them be witnessed in the delineations of comic character. Both of them were, like Yorick, "fellows of infinite jest." Each had his peculiar range, and in that each was unrivalled. If Samuel had a fault as a comedian, it was an occasional tendency to overdo his part joined to a peculiarity in elocution to which captious critics might fairly have objected, but which was so thoroughly original, and so completely Sam Roxby's own, that the regular frequenters of the theatre came to relish it rather than otherwise.

In an obituary notice that appeared in a Sunderland paper at the time of his death, the writer said:—"Mr. Samuel Roxby was a gentleman held in esteem by all who knew him; he was a man of high honour and the strictest integrity; as a manager, he was known far and wide, and the circuit over which he presided stood one of the first in the provinces. He manifested much solicitude in the personal welfare of the actors, and had his reward in their general devotion to his interests. In all business transactions his dealings were regulated by the most scrupulous uprightness."

Samuel Roxby and Harry Beverley lived together in the same house in Sunderland, up to the decease of the latter, which took place, as we have said, in the early part of 1863. Samuel followed him to the grave about four months afterwards, in the month of July that year, at the age of 59.

The circumstances attending the several transfers of the Theatre Royal in Sunderland are described as somewhat singular. Samuel Roxby, at his death in 1863, left it (subject to Mr. Stuart Henry Bell's lease), together with the old place in Drury Lane, to the scene painter,

Mr. William Roxby Beverley. This gentleman, by deed of gift, transferred it to Robert Roxby, his brother, who, however, died in 1866, and left it again to William. Last year it was transferred to Mr. Richard Thornton, of South Shields. And thus was severed the last link of the 57 years' connection between the Roxby-Beverleys and Sunderland.

Our portrait of Mr. William Roxby Beverley, who was born at Richmond, Yorkshire, in 1824, is copied from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, London.

Aske Hall.

ASKE HALL, the seat of the Earl of Zetland, is situate about two miles north of Richmond, Yorkshire. It occupies a high position in a well-wooded park, and commands extensive views. Roseberry Topping, in Cleveland, is visible from the front of the house. Aske was a manor of the family which took its name from the place, one of whom, Robert Aske, was the leader of the Pilgrimage of Grace. The family descended from Wyomer, the founder of St. Martin's Priory, Richmond; and Roger de Aske assumed that name when he settled at Aske in the twelfth century.

"Aske," says Whitaker, in his "History of Richmondshire," "gave a local name to a long line of descendants from one of the earliest grantees and favourites of the first Earls of Richmond. Aske was, indeed, one of those gens of which even these mighty lords had not many to bestow. On the skirts of the high country, and looking



ASKE HALL, YORKSHIRE.

down on the fertile vale of Gilling, with swelling lawns in front, and a long sweep of rising woods beyond, Richmondshire has not, perhaps, a single residence which surpasses Aske in point of situation. The house has a centre and two deep wings, from one of which rises an old Border tower, the only remnant of the Askes."

The last Earl of Holderness sold Aske in 1760, or 1762, to Sir Laurence Dundas, Bart., whose only son, Thomas, Lord Dundas, was the possessor when Whitaker's history appeared. Laurence Dundas was created a baronet in 1762; his son, Sir Thomas, was created a baron in 1794; the son of Lord Dundas was made Earl of Zetland in 1838; and the present owner of the estate, now Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is the third holder of the earldom.

When the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Middlesbrough in January last, for the purpose of opening the new Municipal Buildings in that town, they were the guests of the Earl of Zetland at Aske Hall.

Notes and Commentaries.

EDWARD JENNINGS, V.C.

It was announced in the obituary of the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 284, that a veteran soldier named Edward Jennings had died at North Shields on the 10th of May. The portrait here given is copied from a photograph kindly lent by the family of the deceased. Jennings, who in his later years was employed as a scavenger under the



Edward Jennings, V.C.

Tynemouth Corporation, served with much distinction in the Crimea and in India. It was in the latter country, during the Sepoy mutiny, that he performed the act of valour for which he was awarded the Victoria Cross.

Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, was so much impressed with Jennings's worth as a soldier that he would have recommended him for promotion to the rank of commission officer had the poor fellow been able to read and write. As it was, Jennings was in receipt of an army pension till the time of his death. EDITOR.

WILLIAM SURTEES, A CORBRIDGE VETERAN.

I have in my possession a copy of "Twenty-five Years in the Rifle Brigade, by the late William Surtees, Quartermaster." The book was published, three years after the death of the author, by his brother, Mr. John Surtees, of Corbridge, and printed in 1833 by William Blackwood, Edinburgh. In the prefatory notice to the volume we are told:—

The author of the Narrative entered the Army in early life. He commenced his military career in 1795, as a private soldier in the Northumberland Militia; and in the following year he volunteered into the Pompadours. In this regiment he first faced the enemy, during the expedition to Holland under the Duke of York. On getting his discharge from the Pompadours, 1802, he again entered the service as a private in the Rifle Brigade, to which he was attached for a period of twenty-five years. From his steady conduct, and ardent love for his profession, he was soon advanced from the ranks, and after various intermediate steps was appointed Quartermaster; a situation which he held as long as he continued in the corps, enjoying the respect and esteem of his brother officers of all ranks, as is amply testified by the letters which form the appendix to the volume.

Though as quartermaster the author was not called by duty to join in battle, yet he lost no opportunity of entering the scene of action, or of placing himself in a favourable situation for observing what was passing. It is unnecessary to enumerate the arduous services of the Rifle Brigade from 1802 to 1815. During the whole of that period the author was actively engaged with his corps.

A severe pulmonary affection compelled him to quit his corps in 1826. He retired to Corbridge, his native village, where he arrived on the 24th of October in that year, and continued there, respected and beloved, and constantly engaged in acts of benevolence, till the period of his death, 28th May, 1830.

As stated in the above preface, not the least pleasing part of the book is in the appendix, which contains a goodly number of testimonials from superior officers and companions in arms—all conspicuous for the fervour of their appreciation of him as a man and a soldier. As a token of their regard, a marble tablet to his memory was erected by them in the church at Corbridge.

RELATION, Sunderland.

KIRBY FIGHT.

Robt. Wharton published, in 1724, a chronological table of the mayors and the chief events in the town of Kendal and neighbourhood, one of the items reading as follows:—"1688, Thomas Towers. The Prince of Orange landed Nov. 4, and the Revolution was effected on the day following. The *Posse Comitatus* of the county assembled in this town, and marched to Kirby Lonsdale." Nicholson, in his "Annals of Kendal," in 1832, copies these chronicles, and appends a foot-note, thus:—"After the abdication of James II., in the year 1688, rumour was spread in the North of England that the abdicated monarch was lying

off the Yorkshire coast, ready to make a descent with a numerous army from France, in hopes of regaining his lost throne. This report gave the Lord-Lieutenant of Westmoreland an opportunity of showing his own and the people's attachment to the new order of things. He accordingly called out the *Posse Comitatus*, comprising all able-bodied men from sixteen to sixty. The order was obeyed with alacrity; and the inhabitants met armed in a field, called Miller's Close, near Kendal, from whence they marched to Kirby Lonsdale." This historical fact explains the following popular rhyme, the meaning of which is, at this day, not generally understood:—

Eighty-eight was Kirby feicht,
When never a man was slain;
They yatt their meat, an' drank their drink,
And sae kom merrily haem again.

CUTHBERT HOME TRASLAW, Cornhill-on-Tweed.

HENRY RUSSELL IN NEWCASTLE.

Mr. Henry Russell, the celebrated vocalist, tells the following story:— "At Newcastle-on-Tyne I gave the 'Gambler's Wife.' I may tell you that the wife is awaiting the gambler's return. The clock strikes one, the clock strikes two, and then the clock strikes three. As the clock strikes four the young wife, clasping her child to her bosom, dies in hopeless despair. A woman stood up in my audience, and declaimed emphatically, in a shrill shriek, 'Oh, Mr. Russell, if it had been me, wouldn't I have fetched him home!' " R. W. ADAMS, Byker.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

VOTES AND PROMISES.

In St. Michael's Ward, Sunderland, at a municipal election for a single seat, one of the four candidates, who happened to be an eligible bachelor, presented himself at the door of a fair burgess, and solicited the honour of her vote and interest. After approvingly eyeing the proportions of the candidate for a moment or two, the good lady replied, "Well, aa hev promised Mr. Williams a vote; aa hev given yen to Mr. Tomkinson, aa think they caall him; and aa promised Mr. Fox yen; but as ye are a varry respectable looking chep, aa'll give ye yen, tee!"

HOBBIES.

Scene: A country inn. Actors: Four pitmen half seas over. First pitman: "Noo, ivory man hes his hobby; ye aall knaa whaat mine is; aa like pigeons, an aa believe aa wad dee if aa wasn't te keep pigeons." Second ditto: "Wey, aa's fond of a cuddy, they're sic a useful thing, ye knaa; ye can gan te the races or onny way wiv a cuddy." Third ditto: "Give me a dog; a man that keeps a dog needn't starve or gan lang wiv a hungry belly." Fourth ditto: "Aa'll tell ye what ma hobby is. Aa care nowt for yor pigeons, or cuddies, or dogs outhar; but still aa hev a hobby. Aa's fond of lying abed eftor aa's caalled on!"

"NO DEED YET!"

In a rising suburb of Newcastle, the tardy opening of a newly-established druggist's shop caused daily comment and occasional inconvenience; but one morning the local Bob Sawyer had his fault somewhat publicly reprov'd. An ominous black bordered notice appeared on the shutters the sight of which filled the minds of the neighbours and passers-by with concern, until the inscription was read—"He is not dead, but sleeping!"

RESOLUTION.

A noted tippler determined that he would pass a certain public-house without calling in. He succeeded in the effort. But when he had gone a few yards further, he exclaimed to himself, "Weel dune, resolution! Aa'll gan back an' hev a gill for that!"

UNCLE TOBY'S FAMILY.

In a Newcastle household a young girl was employed as a servant. This girl, it appears, had never heard of the famous Dicky Bird Society. Seeing the celebrated picture of "Uncle Toby and His Little Friends" for the first time, she asked her mistress if the old gentleman was married. "No, I think not," was the lady's reply. "Dearie me!" exclaimed the little maid, as she looked at the picture again, "hes aall them bairns ne mothor?"

A CYCLING NOVICE.

A youth, residing in a suburb of Newcastle, was one day out for a ride on his bicycle. Being a bit of a novice at the pastime, he fell off his machine, as many learners are wont to do; and not having got into the way of mounting his iron steed, he was compelled to wheel it home. Whilst performing this necessary operation, the cyclist happened to pass a couple of workmen just returning from their day's labour, one of whom turned to the other and remarked, "Just tyekin' it oot for a waak, that's aall!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 10th of May, Mr. William Bewicke died at his residence at Threepwood, near Haydon Bridge. (See page 315.)

Mr. George Brown, who, for upwards of twenty-eight years, had acted as relieving officer for the Tynemouth district of the Tynemouth Union, died at North Shields on the 12th of May, in the 71st year of his age.

On the 15th of May, the Rev. Canon Evans, of Durham, died at Weston-super-Mare, where he was staying for the benefit of his health. For twenty-seven years he had held the chair of Greek in Durham University, and by virtue of that position he was major canon of the Cathedral. He had for a quarter of a century represented as proctor the Chapter of Durham in the Convocation of York. He was also an able man of letters, full of strong sympathies for literary genius, and possessed social gifts

of a high order. The reverend gentleman was 73 years of age.

On the 16th of May, the death was announced, from Bedlington, of Mr. Christopher Haswell, who, for a long period, dating from 1843, had taken an active part in all movements having for their object the improvement of the condition of the miners of Northumberland, to which class of workmen he belonged. Mr. Haswell was 72 years of age.

The death was announced, on the 18th of May, of Mr. William Roxby Beverley, the celebrated scenic artist. (See page 328.)

On the 20th of May, Mr. John Johnson, farmer, widely known and respected, died suddenly at his residence, Kingswood, Whitfield, Northumberland, his age being 51 years.

The death was announced, on the 22nd of May, of Mr. Henry Burn, of Glororum, near Belford, who, a few years ago, acquired a wide reputation as a breeder of Border Leicester sheep. He was in his 86th year.

On the 27th of May, the death was announced as having taken place at Blackwater, Hants, of Mr. John O'Connor, scenic artist, in which capacity he was for some time connected with the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle. The deceased was also a successful painter in oil colours, one of his best known pictures being a view of the High Level Bridge and Newcastle.

The death was reported about the same time of Mr. Robert Milton Dote, at the village of Easington, in the county of Durham. A native of Bowes, he was personally acquainted with the master and many of the boys at the school in that locality sketched by Dickens as Dotheboys Hall, and always declared that the novelist's sketch was a caricature. The deceased, who was 82 years of age, had for several years been head-master of the Guiseley Grammar School.

Mr. Thomas Lowe, who for many years had been at the head of the Earl of Durham's stud farm, died at Lambton Park, on the 26th of May, in the 82nd year of his age.

On the 27th of May, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, J.P., of Howden, Stockton, died at Norton, Stockton, in his 78th year. He belonged to an old Stockton family which had for several generations been engaged in the iron trade, and from which he himself retired only a few years ago. The deceased gentleman took no active part in public life, but was a justice of the peace for the county of Durham and the North Riding of Yorkshire.

Mr. William Pearson, who during the earlier stages of the construction of the North Pier at Tynemouth had the contract for the supply of stone, and who had latterly carried on the business of timber merchant in Carliol Square, Newcastle, died on the 28th of April, at his residence in that city, aged 72.

On the 1st of June, the death was announced, at the Pit Houses, Birtley, North Tyne, of Mr. William Saint, for more than 70 years schoolmaster at Humshaugh, and for upwards of half a century parish clerk. The deceased, who belonged to a long-lived family, had himself reached the patriarchal age of 92 years. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1837, page 13.)

At the age of 74, Mr. John Wallace, for upwards of fifty years a Primitive Methodist local preacher, died at Wallsend, on the 2nd of June.

On the 4th of June was announced the death, at the age of 88, of Mr. William Walter Yeld Yeld, for many years postmaster of Sunderland.

The death was, the same day, recorded of Mr. George Winlow Hudson, shipowner, Sunderland. For many years he was a member of the Council of that borough, from which he finally retired in 1878. He was a justice of the peace, a member of the River Wear Commission, the River Wear Watch Commission, and of the Local Marine Board. The deceased gentleman was 80 years of age.

On the 6th of June, Mr. George Ormston, flour merchant and baker, Palace Street and George Street, Newcastle, died at his residence at the former place. Deceased, who was 55 years of age, had been in business for thirty-three years in one shop.

On the 8th of June, the death was announced as having occurred at the Shaws Hotel, Gilsland, where he had gone to recruit his health after a long illness, of Mr. Francis Ritson, J.P., a prominent shipowner, of Sunderland. For many years Mr. Ritson occupied a seat in the Town Council, and he was also a justice of the peace, as well as a member of the River Wear Commission, the River Wear Watch, the Shipowners' Society, and the Sunderland Pilotage Board.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

MAY.

8.—Several interesting architectural relics, amongst them a stone coffin containing bones, were discovered in the course of excavations on Holy Island.

11.—A singular fatality occurred at Swalwell, near Blaydon, in the county of Durham. A boy named William Foreman, eleven years of age, was in the act of bringing a horse from a stable, when the ground opened, and the lad and animal disappeared in the cavity, which was supposed to have been caused by the collapse of an old colliery working. Ten feet from the surface, the boy fell into water, which was also of considerable depth, and from which his dead body was subsequently recovered. The horse also perished.

—David Hildrop, a young man charged with the murder of Theresa Maria Matthews, was again brought up at the Newcastle Police Court, when the further charge of having bigamously married the deceased woman was preferred against him. He was eventually committed for trial on both charges.

12.—Special services were held in St. James's Presbyterian Church, Alnwick, in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of that place of worship. There was, on the following evening, a social meeting in celebration of the same event, under the presidency of the minister, the Rev. D. Donaldson.

14.—The Middlesbrough Town Council adopted the report of a committee, recommending that a crematorium be provided, at a cost of £600. The proposal evoked much public opposition, and one member of the Council who voted for the resolution, tendered his resignation in consequence of the treatment to which he had been subjected.

—A conference of members of Parliament and coal-

owners from Northumberland and Durham was held in the committee-room of the House of Commons, to consider the best means of pressing the claims of North-Country coal upon the Government for use in the navy. As the result of the meeting a deputation waited upon Lord George Hamilton, the First Lord of the Admiralty, on the subject, on the 21st. His lordship, in reply, stated that he could hold out no hope that the restriction would be removed, and declared that while the coal was suitable for the mercantile marine, it was not adapted for the special duty and work which the navy is called upon to perform.

15.—It was announced that the personal estate under the will of the late Mr. Edwin Lucas Pease, of Mowden, Darlington, who died on the 26th of January, had been sworn at £142,694 2s. 10d. The value of the personality of the late Mr. Matthew Tewart Cully, of Coupland Castle, Northumberland, was sworn at £17,432 18s. 9d. Other wills sworn in the course of the month included those of

—A boy named Henry Wilson, aged seven years, died at Sunderland from the effects of having accidentally swallowed a small bead.

—A meeting of the Archidiaconal conference of clergy and laity in furtherance of burial reform, was held in the vestry of Newcastle Cathedral, the chair being occupied by the Lord Bishop of the diocese.

16.—After having been closed for a time during the completion of the internal restoration, the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle, was re-opened with special services. In the morning the Mayor and Corporation attended in their representative capacity; the sermon being preached by the Bishop of Glasgow. The evening preacher was the Dean of Edinburgh.

—A fire broke out in premises situated in a yard known as Fletcher's Court, opening from the lower end of the Groat Market, Newcastle. The building was completely gutted by the flames. Partly in consequence of this fire, and partly in consequence of the proposed reconstruction of the Crown and Thistle

Inn, certain interesting structures in that locality of the city have been removed. Some of the erections in Fletcher's Court—those seen to the left of our sketch—were somehow supposed to have been part of a monastery; but there does not appear to be any historical authority whatever for this theory. Indeed, in formation as to their origin is very scant. All that can be said of them is that they have been residential houses of the Tudor period, and that they were constructed of durable materials in which oak played an important part. The overhanging gable seen near the entrance to the court formed part of the old Crown and Thistle.

17.—"Lord" Sanger, a well-known circus proprietor, sustained severe injuries at Morpeth, by being tossed by a bull of the buffalo species belonging to his collection of animals.

18.—It was announced that a quantity of English and Scottish silver coins had been discovered near Durham. They were of the reigns of Robert Bruce and David II. of Scotland, and Edward III. of England. The coins were supposed

to be relics of the Battle of Neville's Cross, near to the site of which they were found.

—At the annual meeting of the Northumberland Miners' Union, the whole of the officials were re-elected. It was resolved to ask for an advance of wages for all the miners employed in the county, to the extent of 10 per cent. This application was formally made on the 1st of June, with a request that work at the pits on "baff" or non-pay Saturdays, be discontinued, but the decision of the masters was postponed for a fortnight. On the 24th, the miners employed in the soft-coal collieries of Northumberland accepted the advance of 2½ per cent. in their wages offered by the masters.

—An intimation appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, to the effect that Uncle Toby would give three prizes, valued at £10, £5, and £2 10s., for the three best and most ingenious models of toys that might be invented by the competitors.

19.—The first of a series of Sunday sacred concerts was,



Mr. Robert Duncombe Shafto, of Whitworth Park, Ferryhill, Durham, £15,497; Mr. Robert Wardell, of Carlton, Durham, £12,803 11s. 3d.; Mr. Alderman Newall, Ferndene, Gateshead, £166,981 3s. 5d.; and Mr. John Richard Westgarth Hildyard, of Horsley-in-Stanhope, Durham, and Hutton Banville Hall, Yorkshire, £36,127.

—Dr. Sandford, Assistant-Bishop of Durham, laid the foundation stone of the new church of St. Aidan, in the Belle Vue district of West Hartlepool. The silver trowel with which the ceremony was performed was presented by Colonel Cameron, chairman of the Building Committee. On the same occasion, Mr. Walter Scott, of the firm of W. Scott and Son, builders and contractors, Sunderland, presented to the Bishop Suffragan a handsome mallet made from oak that formed part of the roof of the old Parish Church of Bishopwearmouth, which, it is believed, dates back to the twelfth century, and in which, as a boy, Dr. Sandford was wont to worship.

with the sanction of the Parks Committee of the Corporation, given in Elswick Park, Newcastle, by the Elswick Works Band.

—A boating accident, by which Mark Lambert and Robert Ramsay, two young men belonging to Newcastle, were believed to have been drowned, occurred off Tyne-mouth.

20.—It was intimated that the trustees of the fund arising from the North-East Coast Exhibition of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering, held at Tynemouth in 1882, had established a scholarship of the annual value of £30, tenable for two years, at the Durham College of Science in Newcastle.

—The large library of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institution, with a recent addition to the building, was opened to the members.

—A girl named Elizabeth Collins, 15 years of age, committed suicide by taking a poisonous mixture, supposed to be strychnine, in rooms above the Hospital for Diseases of the Skin in Newcastle, where for some time past, as stated at the inquest, she had lived with other two sisters, with whom she had led a dissolute life, but such proceedings were entirely unknown to the officers or managers of the institution. On the 31st, Theresa Keenlyside was sentenced to two months' imprisonment by the Newcastle magistrates for having acted in the management of an immoral house in the place in question.

—During a fog in the Channel, the steamer German Emperor, of Sunderland, came into collision with the steamer Beresford, of West Hartlepool, which had brought up for safety between Deal and Ramsgate. The German Emperor sank almost immediately, and eight of her crew perished.

21.—The Venerable Archdeacon Watkins, D.D., of Balliol College, Oxford, and Archdeacon of Durham, was elected Bampton Lecturer to the University of Oxford for the year 1899.

—A sale by auction, which extended over three days, was begun of the machinery, fixed and loose plant, rolling mills, &c., of the Skerne Iron Company, Limited.

22.—The silver medal of the Royal Humane Society was awarded to James Craig, of the Ouseburn, Newcastle, for the gallant rescue from drowning recently effected by him in the river Tyne. (See *ante*, page 287.) The bronze medal of the society was at the same time awarded to Charles Todd, aged 50, a ferry boatman, for saving the life of Charles Brook, 22, from the Wear, about five miles from Sunderland, on the 8th of April.

—During a heavy rainfall, accompanied by thunder and lightning, at Seaham Harbour, a set of thirty-two coal waggons ran amain on the Blast Furnace Branch, and went over the tip-end near Noses Point on to the beach below, doing damage to the extent of about £500.

23.—Bishop Sandford formally opened the Seamen's Church and Institute, in High Street, Sunderland, which had been renovated and altered to suit the purposes of the mission, at a cost of not less than £4,500.

—The foundation stone of the new High School for Girls was laid in Tankerville Terrace, Jesmond, by the Venerable Archdeacon Emery, of Ely, chairman of the Council of the Church Schools Company.

—A large barrel of brewer's yeast exploded in the parcels office at Alnwick Railway Station, doing considerable damage to the ceiling and surroundings.

—At a sale of historical manuscripts in London, £1,500 was realised for a volume written for Archbishop Wilfrid,

of York, the first Bishop of Hexham, 670-680, and presented to Henry VIII., by Leo X., on the occasion of conferring upon him the title of "Defender of the Faith."

—A fine deer was seen on the Dilston estate, near Corbridge.

24.—After a prolonged stay at Bournemouth, for the benefit of his health, Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, returned, in a state of convalescence, to Auckland Castle, advantage being taken of the occasion to present a series of congratulatory addresses to his lordship, who was received with other demonstrations of affection and esteem. On the 30th, a special thanksgiving service, in connection with the same gratifying event, was held in Durham Cathedral.

26.—On the completion of various alterations and improvements, service was held in St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle.

—Mrs. Hall, farmer, of Berwick Low House, Ponteland, died from the effects of injuries received through an accident to a trap in which she was being driven near that place on the previous day.

27.—The Very Rev. the Bishop of Lolland and Falster, in Denmark, visited and officiated in the Danish Church in Newcastle.

—Mr. Cuninghame Graham, M.P., visited Newcastle, and delivered an address in the Drysdale Hall, under the auspices of the Labour party, the chair being occupied by Mr. Alexander Stewart, a member of the Newcastle School Board.

28.—The Rev. Dr. Marcus Dods, formerly a Presbyterian minister in Newcastle, and brother of Mr. T. P. Dods, of Eilan's Gate, Hexham, was elected Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Free Church Theological College, Edinburgh.

29.—A new Wesleyan chapel, erected at a cost of £3,700, was opened at Whitley.

30.—The Bishop of Newcastle consecrated the new church of All Hallows (Bishop Ridley Memorial), at Henshaw, near Haltwhistle, the village in question being the reputed birthplace of the celebrated Episcopal martyr.

31.—It was announced that the Stewards of the Jockey Club had agreed to act as arbitrators in a dispute between the Earl of Durham and Sir George Chetwynd.

—The Newcastle Public Library Committee agreed to increase the salary of Mr. W. J. Haggerston, the chief librarian, from £250 to £300 per annum.

JUNE.

1.—A branch of the National Association of Colliery Managers was formed in Newcastle for the North of England.

—A boy named William Rhodes, belonging to Spenny-moor, was killed, while two other lads were severely injured, by a ball of molten slag accidentally falling upon them at Tudhoe Ironworks.

2.—A new organ, constructed by Mr. F. C. Nicholson, was opened in All Saints' Church, Newcastle.

—During a violent thunderstorm, considerable damage was done by lightning to property at Allendale.

—A violent thunderstorm passed over Newcastle and the North of England. In Glendale especially its effects were severely felt. According to a correspondent of the *Weekly Chronicle* from Cornhill-on-Tweed, the storm was accompanied by a deluge of rain and hail, such as must have been the lot of few to witness. "The hailstones

were indeed something to remember. One of them picked up was close upon six inches in circumference, and four, weighed together, turned the scale at half a pound, while twelve which were picked up at random, just as they fell, were over 18 ounces in weight. The holes made in the ground by some of them, which were measured after they had melted, were from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches in depth. The greater number of the hailstones were beautifully ringed and marbled, distinctly showing four to six layers of different transparency. The duration of the storm was somewhat less than twenty minutes."

3.—It was announced that a monument had been placed in the Barrow Cemetery over the remains of James Gall, who had died on Christmas Day, 1888, and who was one of the persons saved by Grace Darling, on the occasion of the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, on board which he was fireman. (See vol. ii., page 263.)

—The election of five members to constitute the first School Board for Benwell, Newcastle, took place, and on the following day the result was declared, the gentlemen elected being Messrs. F. Weightman (Unsectarian), Thomas Towns (Unsectarian), J. W. King (Unsectarian), Rev. F. Bromley (Churchman), and John Liddell (Roman Catholic).

—The Summer Seaside Camp for Boys was opened for the second season, on the sands at Old Hartley, on the coast of Northumberland.

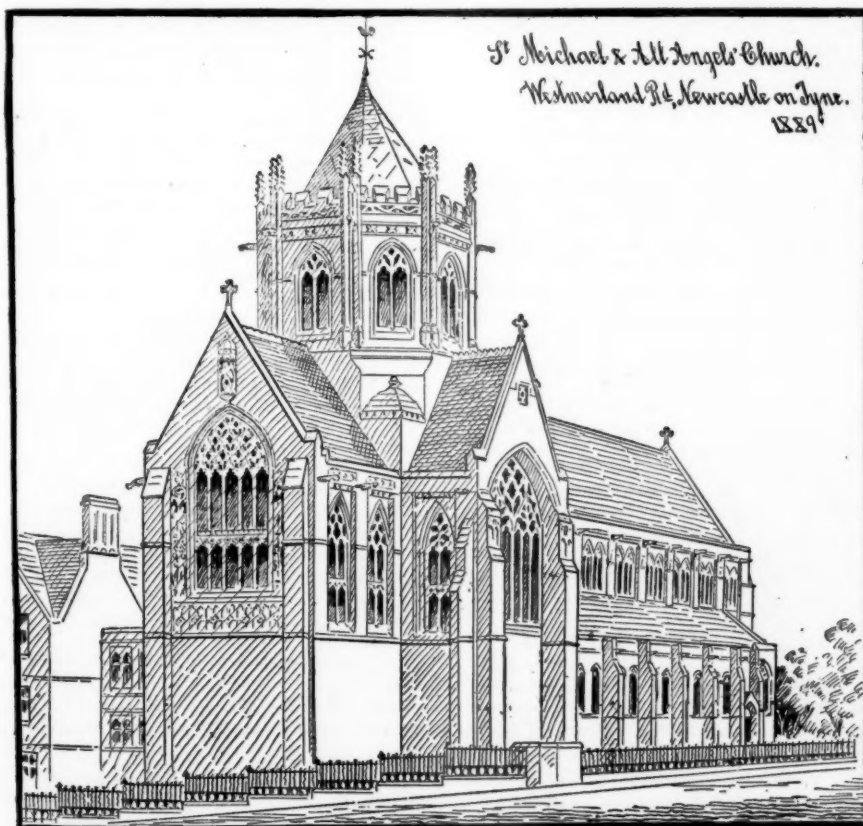
4.—The new rules for the regulation of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society were finally adopted; and steps were taken for meeting the cost of the new building and alterations, amounting to £1,400 in excess of the sum of money received from the North-Eastern Railway Company, Lord Armstrong having undertaken to subscribe £700.

—Precepts for the rates ordered by the County Council of Northumberland at their meeting on the 16th May last were issued to the Guardians of the Unions throughout the county. The rates for the half-year are as follows:—General county rate, $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; special county rate 1d.; police rate, 1d.

—Judge Holl made an order for the winding-up of the Gateshead Borough Permanent Building Society.

—James Mackintosh, a man from Dundee, who had lost both his legs from the effects of frost in the Arctic seas, passed through Newcastle on a hand-propelled tricycle, *en route* for London and Paris.

—At a meeting of the Darlington Presbytery, it was announced that Mr. William Gray, shipbuilder, of West



Hartlepool, had volunteered a grant of £10,000 towards liquidating the debt on the churches within the bounds of that Presbytery.

5.—Mr. Thomas Lawson, chief reporter of the *Newcastle Journal*, was unanimously appointed committee clerk and Mayor's secretary, under the Corporation of Newcastle, at a salary of £360 per annum.

—At a meeting of employers in the Durham coal trade, at the Coal Trade Offices, Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. Lindsay Wood, a deputation, consisting of the committee of the Federation Board, representing the Miners', Cokemen's, Enginemen's, and Mechanics' Associations, attended and made a formal demand on behalf of the men for an advance of 20 per cent. in wages. The question was left to a committee of the representatives of the employers and the men, to report to an adjourned meeting.

6.—It was found that of the Cleveland ironstone miners, 513 voted for amending the sliding scale, and 1,566 against any sliding scale.

—Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, arrived at Cragside on a visit to Lord Armstrong.

—The foundation stone of a new Presbyterian Mission Church was laid at Black Callerton, near Ponteland, by Councillor John Goolden, of Newcastle.

—Joseph Robson and Llewelyn Morgan, two boys, were drowned while bathing in the river Tees, near Stockton.

8.—It was announced that, as the result of the formation of the Tablet Society, a memorial slab had been inserted at the Head of the Side, Newcastle, bearing the following inscription:—"Admiral Lord Collingwood, born in this house 1743." The tablet was erected at the expense of Mr. John Clayton, as his contribution to the fund.

10.—The Right Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop-Coadjutor of Hexham and Newcastle, laid the foundation stone of a new Roman Catholic Church, to occupy a commanding position on the south side of Westmorland Road, immediately opposite Elswick Park. The building is to be dedicated to St. Michael, and the architects are Messrs. Dunn, Hansom, and Dunn. (See preceding page.)

General Occurrences.

MAY.

10.—Death of the Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, brother of the late Duke of Leeds, aged 61. The deceased was well-known for his letters on social, philanthropic, and religious topics, written over the signature "S. G. O."

—Fatal fighting took place at Brackel and Bochum, Germany, between the military and coal miners on strike. Several persons were killed and wounded.

—The death was reported, at the age of 50, of Father Joseph Damien, a famous Roman Catholic priest, who for sixteen years had laboured among a leper colony at Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands. He had attended the death-beds of two thousand lepers.

12.—The London police made a raid upon two betting clubs in the Metropolis, when about thirty persons were arrested, including several members of the aristocracy. The proprietors of the clubs were afterwards mulcted in heavy penalties.

13.—Death of Mr. Irving Bishop, a well-known thought reader, in New York. It was stated that Mr. Bishop had fallen into a trance, and that death really resulted under the dissecting knife of the physicians who conducted the autopsy. The medical gentlemen were arrested; but an inquiry into the affair showed that death was due to coma.

20.—Mrs. Florence Maybrick, wife of Mr. James Maybrick, a Liverpool merchant, was charged with having caused the death of her husband by administering arsenic in his food. A coroner's jury afterwards returned a verdict of wilful murder against Mrs. Maybrick.

—The steamer *Missouri*, which rescued the passengers of an emigrant ship named the *Danmark* in the Atlantic, arrived in the Thames. The captain and crew received an ovation from hundreds of admirers on vessels and on shore.

—The National Rifle Association decided upon Bisleigh Common, situated 25 miles from London, as the site of the future meetings in place of Wimbledon Common.

21.—A collision occurred in the English Channel between the German Emperor, a steamer belonging to Sunderland, and the steamer *Beresford*, of Hartlepool. The former sank, and eight of her crew were drowned.

23.—The body of Dr. Cronin, an Irish Nationalist, resident in Chicago, U.S., was discovered in a drain. The head, face, and shoulders bore numerous ghastly wounds. Several persons, including two detectives, were afterwards arrested.

JUNE.

1.—About this time violent thunderstorms occurred in the South of England. Many persons were killed, and much damage was done.

—A terrible disaster was reported from Johnstown, near Pittsburg, U.S. A reservoir, or lake, owing to incessant rains, burst its banks, and an immense body of water swept over a populous district. About 5,000 houses were destroyed, and it was stated that 7,000 persons perished. Queen Victoria sent a message to President Harrison expressing sympathy with the sufferers.

3.—A parachutist named Young received severe injuries through coming heavily to the earth while descending from a balloon near London.

4.—Two parcels containing the mutilated remains of portions of a woman's body were discovered almost simultaneously at different points on the Thames. It was surmised that a shocking crime had been perpetrated. Other portions of the same body were subsequently discovered.

5.—Volcanic eruptions are reported to have occurred at Oshima Island, Japan, on April 13th and 14th. Upwards of 300 houses were destroyed, and 170 persons killed.

7.—A waterspout burst over the village of Chetnole, Dorsetshire, and did great damage to property.

9.—A monument to Giordano Bruno was unveiled at Campo dei Fiori, Rome, where he was burned alive on account of his religious opinions in 1600. Nearly 30,000 persons were present.

10.—An aeronaut named Spencer ascended in a balloon from Hastings. When at a considerable height he descended by means of a parachute, but fell into the sea a mile and a half from land, and was rescued by a passing boat.